THE

SATIRES

OF

PERSIUS,

Tranſlated into ENGLISH VERSE:

WITH SOME

OCCASIONAL NOTES;

AND THE

Original TEXT corrected.

Multum, et veræ Gloriæ, quamvis uno Libro Perſius meruit.
QUINTIL. LIB. X. CAP. I.

The THIRD EDITION:

To which is now prefixed,

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

Alſo many additional NOTES, for the better Illuſtration of the Author; by a GENTLEMAN of this Kingdom; never before publiſhed.

DUBLIN:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Verſion of the Satires of Perſius, was attempted by the Tranſlator, when he was but a young Student in the Univerſity, and no leſs inclined by his natural Diſpoſition, than required by the Rules of his *Society*, to apply himſelf to Claſſical Learning.

If his Amuſements at any Time, can be ſerviceable to any, who are under the ſame Obligation to purſue the ſame Studies, and afford, moreover, ſome Degree of Entertainment to the Engliſh Reader, the Ends propoſed by the Publication of them will be fully anſwered.

It may have been expected perhaps, that, through the Courſe of the preſent Tranſlation, ſome Notice ſhould have been taken of the Errors committed in *former* Verſions. But this diſagreeable

Taſk, the Tranſlator has rather choſe to decline; imagining that, if he has been happy enough himſelf, to diſcover his Author's true Meaning, it would be but of ſmall Importance to the Reader, to be told where others have miſtaken it.

Advertiſement by the Bookſeller.

THE following Life of the Latin Author is taken from Mr. Bayle, in which the Gentleman, to whom the Public is obliged for the Tranſlation of Perſius, had no concern. To this Edition are alſo ſubjoined ſome occaſional Remarks not in the London Edition.

THE

THE

LIFE

OF

PERSIUS,

From Mr. *BAYLE.*

AUlus Perſius Flaccus, (A) a ſatyrical Poet, in the Reign of the Emperor *Nero*, was a Native of *Volterra* in *Tuſcany (B)*. He was a *Roman* Knight, related and allied to Perſons of the firſt Rank. He ſtudied at *Volterra* till he was twelve Years of Age, and afterwards continued his Studies at *Rome*, under the Grammarian *Palæmon*, the Orator *Verginius*, and *Cornutus* a Stoic Philoſopher, who entertained ſo great an Affection for him, that there was ever after the moſt intimate Friendſhip between them. *Perſius*

has immortalized in his Works that Friendſhip, and his Gratitude for the good Offices of this Friend, *Sat. & paſſim.* He expreſſed himſelf ſtill more ſtrongly on that Subject by a Will, in which he bequeathed him his Library and a large Sum of Money, *viz.* Five and twenty thouſand Crowns according to ſome. But *Cornutus* accepted only the Books, and left the Money to his Heirs, that is, to *Perſius*'s Siſters. He adviſed *Perſius*'s Mother to ſuppreſs ſome Pieces of Poetry, which her Son had compoſed when he was very young. He judged, without doubt, that they would not anſwer the great Reputation of thoſe already publiſhed, and which were received by the Public with ſuch univerſal Applauſe, that all the Copies were immediately diſpoſed of. This is a fine Example to be propoſed to thoſe who publiſh ſo many trifling Poſthumous Works, in hopes that the Glory of the deceaſed Author will ſerve them as a Safe-guard. Among other Works of *Perſius*, they ſuppreſſed ſome Verſes he had wrote on *Arria*, that illuſtrious *Roman* Lady, who killed herſelf to give an Example to her beloved Huſband. *Moreri* falſely imagined that it was a Satire againſt *Arria (C)*: but

it

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it was rather a Panegyric, and indeed we cannot reaſonably expect the contrary, conſidering the Author's great Friendſhip for *Thraſea*, Son-in-law to *Arria*, his Kinſwoman. He ſtudied with *Lucan* under *Cornutus*, and was ſo much admired by his School-fellow, that when *Perſius* repeated his Verſes, *Lucan* could ſcarce forbear breaking out into Acclamations. A very rare Example among Poets of the ſame Genius, but too commonly practiſed out of Artifice and Vanity *(D)*. It was very late before *Perſius* became acquainted with *Seneca*, and he could never like his Temper. He was a good Friend, ſtill a better Son, a better Brother, and a better Relation *(E)*. Tho' he was handſome, he was very chaſte: he was ſober, meek as a Lamb, and as modeſt as a young Virgin; ſo true it is, that we muſt not judge of the Manners of an Author by his Writings; for the Satires of *Perſius* are very licentious: beſides, they are ſharp and full of Invectives. 'Tis believed that he did not ſpare even the cruel *Nero* himſelf. He pointed him out ſo plainly, that *Cornutus* thought it proper to alter ſome of his Expreſſions *(F)*. He died at twenty-eight Years of his Age *(G)*.

What-

Whatever his Panegyriſts may think proper to ſay of him, it is certain that he wrote very harſhly and obſcurely *(H)*. He might almoſt be ſtiled the *Lycophron* of the Latins *(I)*. *Scaliger* the Father, and ſeveral other excellent Critics ſpeak very ill of him; but perhaps they run into a worſe Extreme, than if they had ſhewed the greateſt Eſteem for that Poet. We may obſerve, that the Rigour of the Times in which he lived ſerve as no Excuſe for the Obſcurity of his Stile *(K)*, as ſome have pretended. Some *Italian* Genealogiſts allege that the *Falconcini* Family of *Volterra* derive their Original from his Father *(L)*.

NOTES.

(A) Aulus Perſius Flaccus.] Thoſe who ſay that he had the Sirname of *Flaccus* given him on account of his imitating *Horace*, have not obſerved that his Father had the ſame Sirname, *Suet. in Vita Perſii.* Nor have they been more happy in their Conjecture, when they ſay he was called *Severus*, on account of his profeſſing the *Stoic* Philoſophy. *Caſaubon, Notis in Vitam Perſii*, furniſhes me with theſe two Remarks. With regard to the ſecond of which, he believes that an Inſcription found at *Volterra* was the Occaſion of it. The Inſcription is as follows, *A. Perſius A. F. Severus V. an.* viii. M. III. D. xix. and ſuppoſes that thoſe whom this great Critic cenſures, alleged that the Title of *Severus* was given to *Perſius*, as the Sirname of a Family,

a Family, and in that Caſe they might very juſtly be cenſured for it. But if they conſidered that Title only as an Epithet, like that of *Ardens*, which *Juvenal* has given *Lucilius*, (Sat. I.) they could not in my Opinion be blamed for having taken Notice of the Poet's Attachment to the *Stoic* Philoſophy, nor could it be alleged that they had any Regard to the Inſcription at *Volterra*. No Body ever deſerved the Title of *Severus* better than that Poet, conſidering the imperious Stile of his Invectives and Cenſures, which is the Reaſon *Barthius* gives for that Epithet. It was therefore very unjuſt to apply to him the ſevere Reprimand of *Caſaubon*. What I ſpeak of at preſent reſpects *Magirus*, (*Eponymolog. Critic. pag.* 648.) for after having ſet down theſe Words of *Barthius*, (*adverſar.* 1.) *Severum veteres libri ab auctoritate caſtigandi & invectione in malos mores nominant*, he adds, *ſed videtur huic vaniſſimo commento occaſionem præbuiſſe inſcriptio illa memoria avorum Volaterris inventa, ubi* Aul. Persii *cujuſdam octennis pueri fit mentio, cui cognomen fuit* Severo. Caſaub. *not. ad* Perſii *Vitam.* This Application does not appear to be judicious.

(B) A Native of Volterra in Tuſcany.] All Authors do not agree in this Point. *Etruria* and *Liguria* contended for it. *Perſius* might boaſt of ſharing in a great Meaſure the ſame Fortune with *Homer*, two large Provinces contending about him. *Etruria* founded its Pretenſions upon the Teſtimony of ſome ancient Authors, who ſaid that *Perſius* was of *Volterra*; and the Pretenſions of *Liguria* were grounded on theſe Lines,

——————*Mihi nunc Ligus ora*
Intepet, hibernatque meum mare, qua latus ingens
Dant ſcopuli, & multa littus ſe valle receptat
Lunai portum eſt operæ cognoſcere cives.
Perſ. Sat. vi. ver. 6.

In which the *Ligurians* allege that the Poet ſpeaks of his native Country, and conſequently that he was born at *Portus Lunæ*, now called the Gulph *della Spezzia*.

Don

Don *Gaſparo Maſſa* has wrote a very learned Diſſertation on that Subject, printed at *Genoa* in 1667, *della Vita, origine, è Patria di Aulo Perſio Flacco.* As he believes that the Town called *Luna* was ſituated in *Tuſcany*, he will not allow our Poet to have been born there; for his not being a Native of *Volterra* could ſignify nothing to him, if he could not deprive *Tuſcany* of the Honour of him, and prove that he was born in the State of *Genoa.* He therefore ſays that his native Place was *Tegulia*, near *Portus Lunæ*, ſituated in *Liguria*, fourſcore Stadia diſtance from *Luna. Aproſio della Patria d' A. Perſio, pag.* 14. You muſt obſerve that there is a Diſtinction made between the Town and the Port of *Luna. Lewis Aproſio* is of the ſame Opinion with *Gaſparo Maſſa*, as appears from a Diſſertation *d' A. Perſio* printed at *Genoa* in the Year 1664. You ſee how little *Moreri* is to be depended upon; he alleges that *Aproſio affirms* Perſius *to be of* Volterra, *and that* Gaſpar Maſſa *ſays he was born at* Luna *or* la Spezzia. Which is very falſe with Regard to *Aproſio*, and far from being exact with Regard to *Maſſa.* Farther, tho' the Arguments of theſe two Authors are not unanſwerable, yet they are very probable, and if I was to chuſe, I ſhould rather follow their Opinion than that of *Euſebius.* I muſt inform my Reader that *Soprani*, not contented with placing *Perſius* in his Catalogue of the Writers of *Liguria*, printed at *Genoa* in 4to, in the Year 1667, and with giving ſome Reaſons for it, had cauſed theſe two Diſſertations I have quoted to be printed at the End of his Work.

(C) Moreri *falſely imagined that it was a Satire againſt* Arria.] I believe the true Cauſe of his Miſtake was owing to theſe Words: *Scripſerat in pueritia Flaccus——paucos in ſororem Thraſeæ & in Arriæ matrem verſus quæ ſe ante virum occiderat*, which the Critics have corrected thus, *in ſocrum Thraſeæ Arriæ matrem*, or *Arriam matrem.* The Præpoſition *in* is equivocal, ſignifying ſometimes *againſt* and ſometimes *upon.* But it may be perceived at firſt Sight that it ought to be taken

taken here in the ſecond Senſe; for what likelihood is there that *Perſius* ſhould write Verſes againſt a Lady, who was his Relation, Mother-in-law to his beſt Friend, and famous for having died in a moſt heroic Manner, according to the Opinions of that Sect in which our Poet was brought up. The Friendſhip of *Perſius* and *Thraſeas*, Son-in-law of that Lady, laſted near ten Years, which is as much as to ſay, as *Caſaubon* obſerves, that *Perſius* only lived about ten Years after he contracted an intimate Friendſhip with *Thraſeas*. Now as he lived but twenty-eight Years in all, it is evident that their Friendſhip commenced while *Perſius* ſtudied Philoſophy under *Cornutus*, and it is very probable that after the Acquiſition of ſuch a Friend he compoſed the Verſes we are ſpeaking of.

Cum primum pavido cuſtos mihi purpura ceſſit,
Bullaque ſuccinctis laribus donata pependit,
Me tibi ſuppoſui———————

Perſ. ad Cornutum, Sat. v.

The Word *Pueritia* is uſed by the beſt Latin Authors for a Young Man of eighteen or twenty Years of Age. I ſhall place here in Order the other Miſtakes of *Moreri*. He ſays that *Perſius* had *compoſed a Book againſt* Arria, *which his Maſter* Cornutius *made him burn*. At any Rate, it could not be a Book, but a ſmall Number of Verſes, *Paucos verſus*. His Maſter's Name however was not *Cornutius*, but *Cornutus*, and it was not till after the Death of the Author that he adviſed his Mother to ſuppreſs theſe Verſes, together with all the reſt which he had compoſed in his Youth. *Omnia autem* Cornutus *auctor fuit* MATRI *ejus ut aboleret*. By this the Author of the Epiſtle, which ſerves by Way of Preface to Father *Tarteron*'s Tranſlation of *Perſius*, appears to be in a Miſtake. He expreſſes himſelf thus: "He compoſed "ſome Verſes which were not at all in Praiſe of ſo gene-"rous and faithful a Wife; but he followed the Ad-"vice which was given him, and prudently ſuppreſſed "them." *Moreri* calls the Orator, under whom *Perſius* ſtudied,

ſtudied, *Virginius Fulvius*; but he ſhould have called him *Verginius Flaccus*. He ſays that this pretended *Virginius Fulvius* and *Rhemnius Palæmon, took care of* Lucan's *Education*. To what Purpoſe does he make this Remark, ſince he was not to mention *Lucan*'s Love for *Perſius*? But beſides, none of the Authors quoted by him, mention that pretended Education. 'Tis with Regard to *Cornutus*, that the Author of the Life of *Perſius* obſerves, that he taught *Lucan* and *Perſius* at the ſame Time. We ſhall ſee hereafter, in the Remark *(G)*, a Chronological Error of *Moreri*.

Monſ. *Marrao* informed me that *Moreri* very probably might take from Mr. *Geffrier* what he ſays of *Arria*; for the Reputation of that Lady was ſo dear to Mr. *Geffrier, that to make Amends for the Wrong* which he alleged *Perſius* had done her, he cauſed to be prefixed to his Tranſlation a Sonnet, which Father *le Moine* compoſed in Praiſe of *Arria*, in his *Gallerie des Femmes Fortes*.

(D) An Example——too commonly practiſed out of Artifice and Vanity.] This is very well explained by the Author of the Epiſtle above-mentioned, who does not pretend that *Lucan* was free from that Fault. "*Perſi-*
"*us*, ſays he, was much better pleaſed with *Lucan*, who
"had perhaps inſinuated himſelf into his Favour by praiſ-
"ing the beautiful Paſſages in his Satires, and often
"repeated theſe Words with great Admiration, *Theſe*
"*are moſt excellent Pieces indeed*. For whatever Modeſty
"a Perſon may be poſſeſſed of, he will be eaſily allured
"by the Charms of ſuch flattering Applauſes beſtowed
"by a good Judge in a full Aſſembly. But had not
"*Lucan* a View in all this, and did not he expect the
"like Return from *Perſius*? We know very well that
"Poets and other Authors very ſeldom beſtow their
"Praiſe for Nothing; for when they come to engage
"in Praiſes and Compliments they do not ſpare each
"other; but make Paſſes at one another with all their
"Might. You know ſome at preſent as well as I, who
"are reckoned for Bravery of Wit, if I may be allowed
"the

" the Expreſſion, the *Boutevilles* of the Age: they chal-
" lenge thoſe who have the beſt Parts, and whether by
" a Rencounter, or in ſet Duel, which have never been
" prohibited by the King, they ſtrive to conquer each
" other, and are very laviſh of the moſt civil and obli-
" ing Compliments, even in Print, that Poſterity may
" not doubt of it. And in this Sort of Duels the weak-
" eſt is always the Aggreſſor, and it is he who ſends the
" Challenge. This Metaphor is taken from *Horace*,
" and it will appear to you at leaſt as pleaſant as it is
" bold. You will find it in his Epiſtle to *Florus*. As
" for my Part, if the Title of Author had made me
" greedy of Praiſe, I ſhould rather chuſe to be com-
" mended by a good Author whom I did not know ſo
" much as by Name, or by Sight, and who could have
" no Intereſt in praiſing me; for ſuch praiſes could not
" be ſuſpected."

(E) He was a good Friend, ſtill a better Son, a better Brother, and a better Relation.] The Author who furniſhes me with theſe Words, *Viz.* the Author of the Epiſtle prefixed to the Tranſlation of *Perſius* and *Juvenal*, by Father *Tarteron*; obliges me alſo with a Commentary upon them. *You are ſurprized at it*, ſays he, *and perhaps not without reaſon: but there is nothing more true, and they who knew him beſt, ſay, that he might be propoſed as an Example in that Reſpect. In ſhort he had a firm and ſincere Love for his Siſters, and a reſpectful Tenderneſs for his Mother* Fulvia, *tho' ſhe married again, and tho' he was very young when his Father died, and was only ſeven or eight Years of Age when ſhe committed that——I had almoſt ſaid Folly. But we muſt make ſome Allowances in favour to thoſe Women. He was already quick-ſighted enough to perceive that it was not an agreeable Thing; for Reaſon diſplays itſelf betimes on theſe Occaſions, becomes animated, and does not always wait for the Time appointed for making theſe Reflections, eſpecially in a Perſon that has a Satirical Turn. But, Sir, we muſt have the whole Truth; Her ſecond Huſband died in a ſhort time, and left* Perſius

in a Condition of reſpecting and loving his Mother, as ſincerely as he did, when he was only a Child. I do not know whether Fulvia *took any great Care of her Son's Education, and whether ſhe did not love herſelf rather too much to mind an Affair of ſuch great Importance. This I cannot take upon me to anſwer for; becauſe a ſecond Marriage, and even the Condition of a young Widow, is a great Hindrance to the Execution of ſuch a Charge; but this I am ſure of, that the* Roman *Knight, young as he was, neglected no Opportunity of making himſelf as accompliſhed a Man as I have repreſented him to you.* I ſhall add to this ſmall Commentary theſe Words of *Suetonius*; *Reliquit circa* H. SXX. *matri & ſorori*——Cornutus, *ſublatis libris, pecuniam ſororibus, quas frater hæredes fecerat, reliquit*——What can we think of an Hiſtorian, who in the ſame page, after affirming twice that *Perſius* had but one Siſter, obſerves that *Perſius* left his Eſtate to his Mother and Siſters, and made his Siſters his Heirs?

(F) 'Tis believed that he did not ſpare even the cruel Nero *himſelf. He pointed him out ſo plainly, that* Cornutus *thought it proper to alter ſome of the Expreſſions.*] He made uſe of theſe Words in his firſt Satire.

Auriculas aſini Mida rex habet,

which *Cornutus* adviſed them to change into theſe,

Auriculas aſini quis non habet?

Seut. in Vita Perſii.

If *Cornutus* found *Nero* ſo plainly pointed at here, he did very well to uſe this Precaution; though very poſſibly that Emperor was ſtill in his happy Days, which continued the firſt five or ſix Years of his Reign. But how comes it that *Cornutus* made no Alteration in four Verſes inſerted in the ſame Satire, taken from a Tragedy of *Nero?* Was it a dangerous thing to ſay *King* Midas *has Aſſes Ears*, whilſt it was allowable to quote his Verſes as a Model of ridiculous Poetry? I find ſome Difficulty to account for this, and perhaps theſe four Verſes,

Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput allatura ſuperbo

Baſſa-

Baſſaris, & Lyncem Mœnas flexura corymbis
Evion ingeminat: reparabilis adſonat Echo.
Sat. I. *ver.* 99.

were at moſt only an indirect and obſcure Piece of Raillery. For if *Nero* had been the Author of thoſe Verſes, how durſt any Body be ſo bold, as to ſet them down Word for Word, on purpoſe to laugh at them, when it was thought neceſſary to correct *Auriculas aſini Mida rex habet?* There is ſomething very inconſiſtent here; a great Timidity on the one Hand, and Temerity on the other. But I have ſtill ſome more Objections to mention. I think *Cornutus* ſpoils the Thought of his Friend without any Neceſſity, and his Fears ſeems to me but ill grounded. *Perſius* being told that it was dangerous to cenſure the Vices of another Perſon, and that he ought not ſo much as to mention them to a Pit, anſwers, that he might be allowed to tell his Book that was buried what he had ſeen, *viz. that King* Midas *hath Aſſes Ears.*

Men' mutire nefas, nec clam nec cum ſcrobe? nuſquam.
Heic tamen infodiam. Vidi, vidi ipſe, libelle,
Auriculas Aſini Mida rex habet.

This is a manifeſt Alluſion to the Hiſtory of *Midas*'s Barber, which was well known to *Nero.*

——————Secedit humumque
Effodit, & domini quales aſpexerit aures
Voce refert parva terræque immurmurat hauſtæ.
Ovid. Met. Lib. XI. *ver.* 186.

There was then very little Likelihood that this Prince would take it amiſs, that one ſhould faithfully relate the moſt beautiful Paſſage in that Hiſtory, *Auriculas aſini Mida rex habet.* If you change them into theſe *Auriculas aſini quis non habet*, it can no longer be called the Barber's Text, but a looſe Imitation of it. If you tell me that it is better to leſſen the Beauty of a Thought, than exaſperate a Tyrant, I anſwer as before, *why do you not lop off the four abovementioned Verſes?* You ought to oblige the Author to blot them out, not only if

they were borrowed from a Poem of *Nero*, but even if they contain only ſome of his Phraſes. It cannot in the leaſt be doubted that *Malherbe* would have been offended at theſe Verſes of M *Boileau*, even ſuppoſing he had not been named in them:

Irai-dans une Ode en Phraſes de Malherbe,
Troubler dans ſes roſeaux le Danube ſuperbe,
Delivrer de Sion le Peuple gemiſſant,
Faire trembler Memphis & pâlir le Croiſſant,
Et paſſant du Jourdain les ondes allarmées
Cueiller mal à propos *les palmes Idumées?*
Boileau, Sat. IX. *ver.* 251.

M. *Boileau* mentions no Name when he ſays:

Tout chantre ne peut pas ſur le ton d'un Orphée,
Entonner en grands vers *la Diſcorde étouffée:*
Peindre *Bellone en feu tonnant de toutes parts,*
Et le Belge effrayé fuyant ſur ſes remparts.
Ibid. ver. 39.

Yet can any Body doubt but it muſt raiſe the Indignation of the Authors of thoſe Lines? I imagine therefore that the *Torva Mimalloneis* &c. can neither be a Fragment of *Nero*'s Poetry, nor an Imitation of his Verſes. For, further, if he was a Man of that Temper to be diſpleaſed at the Raillery *Auriculas aſini Mida rex habet*, which was an old Story, it was hardly to be expected that he would patiently bear the ridiculous Rhapſodies compoſed out of his own Expreſſions. Wherefore begging Pardon of the old Scholiaſt, I cannot ſubſcribe to theſe Words of M. *Boileau*, till ſuch time as my Scruples be removed, *Let us examine* Perſius, ſays he *(in his Diſcours ſur la Satire) who wrote in the Reign of* Nero. *He not only rails at his Co-temporary Poets, but even attacks the Verſes of* Nero *himſelf; for all the World knows, and the whole Court of* Nero *very well knew it, that theſe four Verſes* Torva Mimalloneis &c. *which* Perſius *ſo bitterly ridicules in his firſt Satire, were wrote by* Nero. *Yet we do not find that* Nero, *as cruel as he was, cauſed* Perſius *to be puniſhed for it; and that great Tyrant,*

rant, tho' an Enemy to Reaſon, and very fond of his own Works, was ſo polite as not to reſent it, and did not think that on ſuch an Occaſion the Emperor ſhould take upon him the Concerns of a Poet. I ſhall add no more concerning that Scruple. *Caſaubon* alleges, that the four Verſes in Queſtion were taken from a Tragedy called *Bacchæ, pag.* 134. And to prove that *Nero* had wrote ſuch a Piece, he quotes Dio, who only ſays that *Nero* acted the Part of a Muſician when that Tragedy was repreſented. But is this a Proof that he was the Author of it? Beſides, Hexameter Verſes, I believe, were not uſed in Tragedies; but the four Verſes we are ſpeaking of are Hexameters. If that learned Commentator had compared his Opinion concerning the *Torva Mimalloneis*, with his Preface to the firſt Satire, I queſtion if he would have perſiſted in it. In ſhort he ſays in that Preface, that the chief Deſign of *Perſius* in his fourth Satire, was to cenſure the Conduct of *Nero*; but in order to avoid bringing himſelf into Trouble, he ſo diſguiſed his Deſign, that he made uſe of no Expreſſion to point out the Perſon of that Prince, and contrived the Matter ſo as to be able to clear himſelf, in caſe he ſhould be accuſed of aiming at the Government. *Caſaubon* obſerves alſo, that this Satire was compoſed before *Nero* had diſcovered all his ill Nature. *Cujus* (Satiræ quartæ) *etſi præcipuus erat Scopus in Neronem invehi, atque ipſum ſatirico ſale defricare——ſic tamen poëta in hoc argumento indignationi ſuæ habenas laxavit, ut neque palam neque plenis velis in flagitioſiſſimum principem inveheretur, verum tectè & longè mollius quam vel natura ipſius ferebat, vel Neronis flagitia ac ſcelera merebantur. Nos autem putamus tum ſcriptam eſſe hanc ſatiram cum nondum totus innotuerat Nero, cujus principium laude digna habuit multa——Probè verò norat Perſius cum ad hanc ſatiram ſcribendam ſe accingeret, quantam rem & quàm periculoſam moliretur. Quamobrem conſilio prudentiſſimo hoc argumentum Platonis imitatione ſibi tractandum cenſuit, non ſolum nominibus inde petitis, ſed*

etiam ſententia propemodum univerſa ; ut ſi quis forte Corycæus ut Cercops nomen ipſius deferret, probabili excuſatione poſſet factum ſuum defendere quaſi exercendi tantum ſtili cauſa petitum è libris ſummi philoſophi argumentum latinis verſibus tentaſſet complecti. Quare etiam ab omnibus illum videmus abſtinuiſſe, quæ Neronis perſonam propriè erant denotatura ——Is it not ſurprizing, that a Man who was of that Opinion, ſhould believe that *Perſius* durſt ridicule *Nero*'s Verſes, and quote them Word for Word without any Diſguiſe? Perhaps it will be anſwered, that he was not much concerned for his Character as a Poet. But one muſt have ſtrong Proofs of this, or elſe not mention it; for every one is commonly fond of his own Poetry. The Crown and Scepter do not cure a Man of that Fault, and we are particularly informed that *Nero* was more ſenſibly affected with the Cenſures of his Muſic, than with that of his Crimes; which is a ſufficient Reaſon for one to believe, that as a Poet he could not bear to be reflected upon, *Nihil æque doluit, quam ut malum ſe citharædum increpitum. Suet. in Nerone cap.* XLI. Did not he baniſh *Cornutus*, and had like to have put him to death, for having dared to ſay that *Nero* would make too many Verſes if he compoſed four hundred Books of them, and that the Example of *Chryſippus* ſhould not be alleged in the Caſe, ſeeing the Books of that Philoſopher were uſeful to human Life? Was not he jealous of the Poet *Lucan*, and did not he forbid him to make any Verſes? *Lucanum propriæ cauſæ accendebant, quod famam carminum ejus premebat* Nero, *prohibueratque oſtentare, vanus adſimulatione. Id. ib. & Tacit. Ann. lib.* XV. *cap.* XLIX. At which *Lucan* was ſo exaſperated, that he joined with the Conſpirators, who endeavoured to kill *Nero*.

I ſhould never have done, if I undertook to quote all the Authors who believed that the four Verſes ſo cruelly ridiculed by *Perſius*, were wrote by *Nero*. I ſhall only cite the Notes which have been added to the new Tranſlation of *Petronius Pag.* 24. *Tom. I. of the Dutch Edition* 1694.

1694. *It has been lawful in all Ages to criticiſe paltry Performances, when they are publiſhed. The defects of the Mind may be cenſured every where, and this Liberty is as ancient as the World. The* Torva &c. *which we read in* Juvenal, *(he ſhould have ſaid* Perſius) *ſhews that* Nero *himſelf, notwithſtanding his Cruelty, was not offended at it, and never thought of treating as Enemies to the State, thoſe who criticiſed his Works. He was only angry at thoſe who made Verſes better than he.*

Note, That the Life of *Perſius*, written by *Suetonius* as it is thought, does not tell us that the *Torva Mimalloneis* had any Relation to *Nero.* He gives no other Example of the Liberty that Poet took to criticiſe him, than thoſe Verſes concerning *Mida rex*, which *Cornutus* made him correct. There is then only one witneſs of the *Torva Mimalloneis, viz.* the old Scholiaſt upon *Perſius.* An Engliſh Author, *viz. John Bond*, who wrote learned Notes upon the Satires of that Poet, does not ſay poſitively, like a great many others, that *Nero* was the Author of the four Verſes in Queſtion: *Sive à Nerone* (ſays he) *in Perſ. Sat.* I. *pag. m.* 24. *ſive ab alio quopiam nobili Romano compoſita.* M. *Marais* pointed me out this Paſſage of the Engliſh Commentator, and alſo ſays that M. *Geffrier*, who publiſhed a French Tranſlation or Paraphraſe of *Perſius* at *Paris* in 1658, affirms that theſe four Verſes were certainly *Nero*'s.

(G) He died at twenty eight Years of Age.] This appears from the Conſulſhips of his Birth and Death. He was born the fourth of December, *Fabio Perſico, L. Vitellio Coſs.* and died the twenty-fourth of November, *Rubrio Mario, Aſinio Gallo Coſs.* Now there being but twenty-eight Years between theſe two Conſulſhips, it follows that *Perſius* lived juſt ſo many Years, within a few Days. Therefore the Author of his Life has reckoned very ill, when after having fixed the Day and Year of his Birth and Death with ſo much Exactneſs, he places his Death in the thirtieth Year of his Age. St. *Jerome*'s Miſtake is not ſo great, tho' he is not ſo exact as he ought to be. He ſays that *Perſius* was born in the

ſecond

ſecond Year of the two hundred and third Olympiad, and died in the twenty-ninth Year of his Age, in the ſecond of the two hundred and tenth Olympiad; which cannot be true, but by reckoning his Birth to happen in the firſt Months of the Year, and his Death ſome Months later. But beſides that St. *Jerome* makes no ſuch Diſtinction, we have ſeen that *Perſius* was born in December, and died in November. I am more ſurprized at *Scaliger*'s acquieſcing in St. *Jerome*'s Computation, than even at St. *Jerome*'s Miſtake. *Scaliger* finds that St. *Jerome* was in the right to reckon twenty-nine Years from the Number two thouſand and fifty to the Number two thouſand and ſeventy-eight. He alſo finds twenty-nine Years between the two above-mentioned Conſulſhips; but he had done better if he had computed only twenty-eight. The firſt of thoſe Conſulſhips fell in the Year of Chriſt 34, the twentieth of *Tiberius*, and the ſeven hundred and eighty-ſixth of *Rome*; the other in the Year of Chriſt 62, the eighth of *Nero*, and the eight hundred and fourteenth of *Rome*. This is according to the Chronology of *Calviſius*. *Moreri* is not at all exact in this Point. He places the Birth of *Perſius* at the End of the Year of *Chriſt* 32, and his Death, *when he was twenty-nine Years of Age, in the ninth of the Reign of* Nero, *and the* 62 *of Chriſt*. In order to do this with ſome ſhew of Reaſon, he ought to have added, that he died in the Beginning of the ſixty-ſecond Year of the Chriſtian Æra; but this would have been a Falſhood, becauſe he died on the twenty-fourth of November. It is certain then, according to *Moreri*'s Computation, that when *Perſius* died he was near thirty Years of Age. Beſides, according to *Moreri*, the Year 32 of Chriſt anſwers to the eighteenth of *Tiberius*; but it is certain that from the eighteenth of *Tiberius* to the ninth of *Nero* were thirty-one Years: ſo that it would follow that *Perſius* died when he was thirty-one Years of Age. The Dutch Edition places his Death in the Year 26 of Chriſt. But this Miſtake is owing to a Tranſpoſition of Numbers, a Miſtake but too

too common among Printers. *Auguſtine Oldoini* has committed ſome childiſh Blunders in his Computation of the Age of *Perſius*. He makes him to have been born in the Year of *Rome* 795, and to have died at the Age of thirty-three, in the ninth Year of the Reign of *Nero*. He alleges that the time of his Birth anſwers to the two hundred and third Olympiad, and to the twenty-ſecond Year of the Reign of *Tiberius*; *Athen. Liguſt. pag.* 80, 81. If you conſult *Calviſius*, you will find that the firſt Year of the two hundred and third Olympiad is the 785th of *Rome*, that the ninth Year of *Nero* is the 815th of *Rome*, and that there are but twenty eight Years between the twenty-ſecond of *Tiberius*, and the ninth of *Nero*.

I am informed by a Letter from M. *Marais*, that M. *Geffrier* places the Death of *Perſius* in the two hundred and third Olympiad, in the Year of *Rome* ſeven hundred and twenty five, and in the twenty ſecond Year of *Tiberius*'s Reign.

(H) Whatever his Panegyriſt may ſay——he wrote obſcurely] Among the number of thoſe I reckon *Iſaac Caſaubon*. I grant that the Praiſes which he beſtows upon *Perſius* are not ſo pure as thoſe of *Quintilian* and *Martial*; for he intermixes with them ſome Cenſures. But after all he acknowledges that *Perſius* had a great deal of Merit and Parts, and enters the Liſts on his Account againſt the great *Julius Scaliger*; tho' at the ſame Time he humbles himſelf with great Reſpect at the Foot of the Throne of that formidable Antagoniſt. I ſhall only mention that Part of the Diſpute which relates to the Obſcurity of our Poet's Writings. I have often (ſays *Caſaubon*) been ſurpriſed to find *Perſius* charged with Obſcurity by *Scaliger*, a Man to whom nothing was obſcure. But he ſeems to me to fall into that Sophiſm which *Logicians* call *Ignorationem elenchi*, miſtaking the queſtion, and which is not leſs common among Critics than Philoſophers. *Scaliger* does not pretend that *Perſius* was obſcure to him. On the contrary, he declared that he underſtood him from Beginning

Beginning to End. He only ſays that formerly that Poet was claſſed in the Number of Things unknown, and charges him with Impertinency for having written to be read, and not to be underſtood. He almoſt inſults him, becauſe his Interpreters had fruſtrated his Expectation, by diſſipating the Darkneſs which he had purpoſely thrown over his Writings, in order to be eternally buried in it, and eternally admired by Fools. *Jul. Scaliger, Poëtic lib.* vi. *cap.* vi. *pag. m.* 773. See alſo, *lib.* iii. *Cap.* xcvii. *pag.* 343.

Omnia enim ſtolidi magis admirantur amantque
Inverſis quæ ſub verbis latitantia cernunt.
Lucret. Lib. I. *ver.* 642.

The Encomiums which *Quintilian* and *Martial* beſtowed upon him, put me in mind of thoſe which are beſtowed upon two of our *French* Poets. *It is not the Quantity of an Author's Works which renders him immortal; we have* Perſius *tranſmitted to us in two Sheets of Paper. The Abbot de* Ceriſi *will live longer only by his Metamorphoſis of* Phillis's *Eyes into Stars, than many Authors who take up a great deal of Room in our Libraries. And the Temple of Death will more eaſily overcome the Rigour of Time, than the ſix hundred Volumes of the Biſhop of Bellay.* This agrees pretty well with the two Latin Verſes:

Sæpius in libro memoratur Perſius uno,
Quam levis in tota Marſus Amazonide.
Martial. Epigr. xxix. *lib.* iv.

And with theſe Words of *Quintilian, Multum & veræ gloriæ quamvis uno libro Perſius meruit. Quintil. lib.* x. *cap.* i.

(I) He might almoſt be ſtyled the Lycophron *of the Latins.*] In the firſt Tome of the *Conferences du Bureau d'Adreſſe*, the Author ſays, that the Senſe of the obſcure Volumes of the Talmudiſts *is ſo little known to us out of Envy to their Succeſſors, that their Books might be cut and tore more juſtly than the Satires of* Perſius *were by a Father of the Church, who ſaid that ſince he could*

not

not be underſtood by the outſide like other Writers, he would ſee whether he was more intelligible within. The following Paſſage is another Inſtance where *Lycophron* and *Perſius* are claſſed together. *For my Part I think that* Trithemius's *Book ought to be ſawn in two, as ſomebody formerly ſerved the* Caſſandra *of* Lycophron, *in order to diſcover what there was within it, ſince nothing could be known of it by the Outſide. Or as it is reported of St.* Jerome, *having done the like by* Perſius's *Satires, whoſe Riddles and Obſcurities being unable to comprehend, intellecturis ignibus ille dedit, Ex Ovidio Triſt. lib.* iv. *Eleg.* x. This laſt Story, as well as the others, ought to be very well warranted; for I ſee that *Caſaubon* relies upon St. *Jerome*'s Teſtimony, to refute thoſe who cenſured *Perſius*. *Certe aliud Quintilianus judicabat cum vera laude dignum pronunciaret, aliud Hieronymus cum diſertiſſimum ſatiricum vocaret. Caſaub. ubi ſupra.*

Here is ſtill another obſervation which M. *Marais* has furniſhed me with. The Panegyric contained in *Bond*'s Commentary, is to be found in a Place where no body would look for it, *viz* in the Preface to the *Aloiſæ Sigea Toletanæ Satyra Sotadica.* The Words which contain that Panegyric, contain at the ſame Time a Deſcription of *Perſius*'s Obſcurity: *Gratuleris tibi, Aule Perſi. Obvolviſti te ipſe cæca nocte, videri nolebas, altam verſibus & verſuum ſenſibus profudiſti caliginem. Nolebas intelligi: forte & tu te non intelligebas. Non fecerunt ad te nox & caligo ut exerraret, Johannes Bond, venit, vidit, diſcuſſit noctem et caliginem. Perſpectum id omne habet, ut tute loqueris, quod latet arcanâ non enarrabile fibrâ. Eripuit tibi te neganti conſpectum. Latebas intra te, ne te curioſa et erudita invenerit ſagacitas. Eras ipſe involucrum tibi Quis vero fuit furor ille tuus?* This Commentary of *Bond* upon *Perſius* was printed a Year after the Author's Death, under the Care of his Son-in-law *Roger Prowſe*. I have the *London* Edition publiſhed in 1614. If it be the firſt, and I fancy it is, we may hence

hence know that *Bond* died in the Year 1613. The *Diarium* of Mr. *Witt* ſays nothing of it.

(K) The Rigour of the Times in which he lived can be no Excuſe for the Obſcurity of his Stile.] I am ſorry I cannot be of the ſame Opinion with the Author of the Preface, who has furniſhed me with two Paſſages, the Reading of which is ſo agreeable. *I know very well*, ſays he, in the Epiſtle prefixed to Father *Tarteron*'s Tranſlation, *that* Perſius *is not at firſt very intelligible, and that he might have expreſſed himſelf more clearly. But how durſt he do it in the Reign of* Nero? *He was a terrible Tyrant, and could not bear a Jeſt. And becauſe he had more Reaſon than any Body elſe to apply to himſelf whatever was ſharp or poignant in a Satire, provided there was the leaſt Foundation for it, I am not at all ſurprized to ſee, that* Perſius *has affected to be ænigmatical and myſterious. Therefore when* Julius Scaliger *called him a feveriſh Scholar, it is probable he did not mind what he ſaid; but I am ſure that this proud and formidable Critic, would have been ſeized with violent Tremblings and Agitations at the very Sight of* Nero. I *cannot help admiring the Boldneſs of* Perſius *in venturing once to ridicule that Emperor; for the Words* Auriculas aſini Mida rex habet, *directly pointed at him. It would have ruined* Perſius *if the wiſe and prudent* Cornutus *had not ſuppreſſed the proper Name, and ſubſtituted in its place a Word equally applicable to all Mankind. Nay I cannot conceive how that Philoſopher, who was afterwards baniſhed by the Tyrant, becauſe he could not in Conſcience approve the Deſign of his Poem, ſhould ſuffer his Pupil to expoſe himſelf, by producing with a malicious Intent, the* Torva Mimalloneis &c. *as a Model of moſt excellent Verſes.* I ſhall only make two Obſervations on that Paſſage.

I. It is evident to all who read *Perſius* with Attention, that he is obſcure not out of Policy, but from Taſte, and the particular Turn of his Genius; for if the Fear of bringing himſelf into Trouble at Court, had engaged him

him to cover his Thoughts with obſcure Metaphors, he would have done it in thoſe Things only which had ſome relation to the Life of the Tyrant. But we ſee that he twiſts his Words, and has Recourſe to Alluſions and ænigmatical Figures, even when he intends to inſinuate only a moral Maxim, the cleareſt Explication whereof could not have afforded *Nero* the leaſt Pretence for being angry with him. I ſhall not be at the Pains of giving any Examples of this; but refer my Readers to the Satires themſelves of that Poet, which make but a little Book, where every one may ſatisfy himſelf in a very ſhort time, whether I am in the right, or not. But if any one chuſes rather to ſpare himſelf this Trouble, and refer himſelf to the Judgment of a learned Critic, he needs go no further to ſatisfy himſelf. The Sentence runs thus, *Obſcuritatis hujus diverſas afferre cauſas poſſumus, eaſque certiſſimas: in auctore ſunt aliquæ, aliæ extra illum, quædam in interpretibus. Non negabo perobſcura quædam eſſe in quarta, prima quoque: ſed poëtæ facilè ignoſco, cum cogito crudeliſſimi et* φονικωτάτου *tyranni, in quem illa erant, metu, de induſtria atramenti ſepiarum aliquid eſſe affuſum: neque dubito ſapientiſſimum præceptorum Cornutum ſcribenti adfuiſſe, qui vetus verbum crebrò illi inſuſurraret,* Σκότισον . . . . *Cum ſcribit idem* βιογράφος, *verecundiæ virginalis partheniam noſtrum fuiſſe, aliud agens cauſam nos docet cur ille locum tenebricoſe fuerit tractatus cui vix alius toto libro obſcuritate par, obſcœnitate ſimilis nullus,* περιχοπὴν *illam dico è quarta.* At ſi unctus ceſſes. *Etiam illud ultrò concedimus, nonnulla* Perſii *loca tropis parum uſitatis et audaciori-bus eſſe offuſcata, hujus quoque non culpam, ſed cauſam, ita enim dicere æquius, ingenio poëtæ aſſignamus: quod cùm eſſet magnum, magna ſectabatur. Caſaub. in Prolegomenis ad Perſ. fol. m. ei j. Fuit præterea* Flaccus *noſter* ὁ φιλόμυθος πως, *ſed amans brevitatis: quæ res obſcuriorem eſt ubi illum reddit. Ibid. fol. e i i j. . . .* Theſe are the four Sources of the Obſcurity of *Perſius*, according to *Caſaubon*. I. He was afraid of *Nero*. II.

He was modeſt. III. He had a great Genius. IV. He loved Brevity. Ought theſe four Cauſes to be reduced to the firſt, as they have done in the Preface to the new Tranſlation?

II. After having ſaid that *Perſius* had explained himſelf obſcurely, becauſe he was afraid of *Nero*, It ought not to be ſuppoſed that the *Torva mimalloneis &c.* were that Prince's Verſes. It is not ſufficient to ſay, that one cannot comprehend how *Cornutus* permitted it, we may ſay poſitively that he would not have conſented to it, and that *Perſius* had no Need of a Corrector. Otherwiſe this will be a monſtrous Abſurdity, and ſeems to ſurpaſs all the Caprices and Extravagances that the Mind of Man is capable of.

(L) Some Italian *Genealogiſts pretend that the* Falconcini *Family of* Volterra *derive their Original from his Father.*] *Francis Stelluti* makes uſe of this Reaſon to prove that *Perſius* was of *Volterra*. They have it, ſays he, by Tradition, that the *Falconcini* Family is deſcended from *Flaccus*, a *Roman* Knight, the Father of *Perſius*; which is the more likely to be true, as the Name of *Perſius* is preſerved in that Family, and has conſtantly been found in it for above three hundred Years. But to this it is anſwered, that *Perſius* had neither Brother, nor Children; that the Sirname of *Flaccus* was to be found in ſeveral Cities of *Italy*; and that the noble and illuſtrious Family of *Perſius* has been eſtabliſhed in *Genoa* above four hundred Years. See the abovementioned Diſſertation of *Gaſpara Maſſa*. *Hippolitus Landinelli* ſays, that they ſtill ſhew at *Volterra*, a Houſe which is ſuppoſed to have been that of *Perſius*.

THE

THE
SIX SATIRES
OF
PERSIUS.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST SATIRE.

NEVER did *I* ſo much as ſip,
Or wet with *Hippocrene* a Lip;
I never dream'd, one ſingle Night,
Upon *Parnaſſus'* forked Height;
(Or if I did ſo, do not know it)
To make me thus ſtart up a Poet.

No; my Pretenſions to the *Nine*,
And pale *Pirene*, *I* reſign;
Reſign to thoſe, whoſe better Claim
Stands witneſs'd by approving Fame;

By ſacred Statues, plac'd around,
With twining Wreaths of Ivy crown'd!

Theſe rude, unpoliſh'd Strains of mine,
I, at *Apollo*'s hallow'd Shrine,
Lay humbly, unpreſuming, down;
I, half a Poet, half a Clown.

Who taught the Pie's or Parrot's Throat,
To emulate the human Note?
Thoſe Sounds which Nature had deny'd,
Ingenious Want, to both, ſupply'd.
Ingenious Want, in Nature's Spite,
Taught *them* to ſpeak—And *me* to write.

Nay, hang but Lure enough in View,
And *they* ſhall ſtrait turn Poets, too:
Ev'n Crows and Pies ſhall chatter Verſe,
And like their Brother-Bards, rehearſe.

THE

THE

ARGUMENT.

WE may ſuppoſe the Author to be juſt ſeated in his Study, and beginning to vent his Indignation in Satire. At this very Juncture, comes in an Acquaintance, who, upon hearing the firſt Line, diſſuades him, by all Means, from an Undertaking ſo perilous; adviſing him rather, if he needs muſt write, to accommodate his Vein to the Taſte of the Times, and to write like other People.

PERSIUS *acknowledges that this, indeed, were the readieſt Method to gain Countenance and Applauſe; but then adds, that the Approbation of ſuch Patrons as this Compliance would recommend him to, was a Thing to be deſired, on no Terms at all; much leſs, upon Terms ſo ſhameful.*

AFTER *this, he takes Occaſion to expoſe the wretched Taſte that prevailed then at* Rome, *both in their Verſe and Proſe; and informs us what abominable*

Stuff their noble Poetaſters not only ſcribbled themſelves, but encouraged in others. Of theſe their miſerable Attempts in the Way of Poetry, the Author exhibits to us a ſmall Specimen: At the ſame Time lamenting, that he dares not ſpeak out with the Freedom allowable in former Times, and practiſed by his Predeceſſors in Satire, Lucilius *and* Horace. *He then concludes, expreſſing a generous Diſdain for all worthleſs Blockheads whatever: The only Readers whoſe Applauſe he covets, muſt be Men of Virtue, and Men of Senſe.*

THE

THE

FIRST SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS.

PERSIUS. MONITOR.

P. *VAin Cares of Man! all earthly Things how vain!*

M. Good Heav'ns! Who'll read this canting, preaching Strain?

P. Speak'ſt thou to *me?* Not one, i'faith, not one.

M. Yes, two perhaps, or — *P.* None, moſt likely, none.

M. The

M. The Caſe is piteous—*P.* Why a piteous Caſe?
Polydamas forſooth, and all the Race
Of Maſter-Miſſes, join in my Diſgrace!
Admit they do, need *I* for this repine,
That ſuch e'en *Labeo*'s Page prefer to mine?
Ridiculous! If muddy-headed *Rome*
Condemn our Wit, muſt we abide the Doom?
Stand to th' Award of an ill-judging Town?
And by their falſer Scale, adjuſt our own?
No, no; for *others* Judgments aſk no more:
To know thy ſelf, thy ſelf alone explore.

For who at *Rome* is not a —? Might I ſay,
O might I mention what! — But ſure I may.

For

Ver. 6. Polydamas *forſooth!*] He means here *Nero* and his Minions; alluding to a Paſſage in a Speech of *Hector*'s. Hom. Iliad. B. XXII. V. 100 and 105.

Ver. 9. Labeo's *Page*] *Actius Labeo* was a Court-Scribbler, who made a literal and wretched Tranſlation of ſeveral Books of *Homer*'s Iliad into *Latin*. See Verſe 115 and 272.

Ver. 14. *No, no; for others Judgments*] This is ſpoken conformably to that Principle of the *Stoic* Philoſophy, which maintained that a wiſe Man ſhould not make other People's Opinion, but his own right Reaſon only, his Rule of Action.

For ſee what Toys, their ſenſeleſs Lives engage,
From playful Childhood up to reverend Age!
Yet mark the ſolemn Cheat, the ſage Grimace!
Cenſorian Beard, Severity of Face!
Viewing theſe hoary Fools, enrag'd I glow:
Out, out it muſt—You muſt excuſe me. *M.* No.

P. But my unruly Spleen with Laughter ſwells:
What muſt I do, when Nature thus rebels?

M. What muſt you do? The ſame that others do:
Obſerve the Courſe our other Bards purſue.
Pent in their lonely Studies, they compoſe,
Some, meaſur'd Numbers, *ſome*, unfetter'd Proſe:
But, be it Proſe or Numbers, all they write
Is quite *ſublime*. *P.* Sublime, no doubt on't, quite!
Alike ſublime: For ſee, from firſt to laſt,
The Proſe is Fuſtian, and the Verſe Bombaſt!
It's Author too, alike, the heavy Load
Puffs from his huge, rehearſing Lungs, abroad.

And lo the promis'd Day! At length, 'tis here:
New cloath'd, new-powder'd, ſee the *Wit* appear!
A finiſh'd Beau, forſooth, behold him ſtand,
A Birth-Day Jewel ſparkling on his Hand!
A ſoftning Gargle tunes his warbling Throat,
And fits the varying Pipe for every Note.
A Deſk, rais'd high, the liſtening Throng controls;
He mounts, and out the melting Poem rolls.
His Eye, a Comment to his Senſe affords;
And adds laſcivious Looks, to luſcious Words.

Theſe are the Means, the ſhameful Means! that pleaſe:
Rome's very Nobles own the Power of theſe.
Soon as the lewd, the luſt-provoking Line
(Aſſiſted by the ſoft, ſalacious Whine)
Shoots thro' the Bones it's prurient Influence,
And wakes the tickled Marrow's inmoſt Senſe;
Lo, how they all a wriggling Joy confeſs,
And vile Applauſe, in broken Sounds, expreſs!

What!

What! at this Age, with theſe grey reverend Hairs,
Turn'ſt thou a Pander to ſuch Ears as theirs?
Theirs! at whoſe glutting Praiſe, ev'n thou wou'dſt cry,
Forbear! Forbear! or elſe I burſt, I die.

" Well but, *(ſay you)* what Uſe does Science yield,
" If in the parent Mind it lie conceal'd?
" If there the Leaven ſwell, in vain, for Vent,
" If there the barren Fig-tree ſtill be pent?

O Men! O Manners! toils thy dotard Head,
Reſigns thy Cheek, for this, it's healthful Red?
Muſt then the Pageant, Knowledge, needs be ſhown?
Uſeleſs to thee, unleſs to others known.

" O but the pointing Finger who can ſee,
" Who hear, uncharm'd, the Whiſper, *there, that's he?*

Nay more, the beauiſh Sons of *Rome* rehearſe,
Their Tutors teach, the Beauties of your Verſe:

And

And is it Nothing, Nothing, to become
A Leſſon, to the beauiſh Sons of *Rome?*

Lo next, our Surfeit-Sots, call, o'er their Wine,
To hear the Labours of a Bard divine.
Come, the Productions of ſome Heavenly Muſe,
Who can repeat? *cry they* — And what enſues?
Why one, or other, of the purple Beaus,
A nauſeous Preface ſnuffles thro' the Noſe;
Some old, ſome ſad old Tale, then forth he whines,
Made ſadder ſtill by lamentable Lines.
Tells how *Hypſipile* a Captive ſigh'd,
Or how poor fond deſerted *Phyllis* died.
Some ſuch trite Ditty, his refining Throat
Fritters; and melts and minces every Note.

All hear attentive: and, to crown the End,
All, gracious Nods of Approbation lend.

O happy Author! thou art ſure at reſt;
Thy Aſhes, after this, muſt needs be bleſt!

Thy

Thy Tomb, no doubt! the monumental Stones,
Muſt, after this, lie lighter on thy Bones!

But Approbation only, will not do:
Behold, Applauſes are thy Portion too!
The Gueſts all ring thy Praiſe—Thrice happy thou!
Feel not thy Manes Joys exceſſive, now?
Now, raiſe not Violets, from thy Duſt their Head,
And proudly make thy precious Urn their Bed?

" O Sir *(ſays one)* your Worſhip's pleas'd to ſneer,
" (That Noſe informs us) but you need not here.
" For breaths there be, ſo ſtupid to diſclaim
" The Praiſe of Men, the general Voice of Fame!
" When ſuch his Labours, ſuch his ſacred Page,
" As Cedar's Juice ſhould vindicate from Age;

Ver. 101. *As Cedar's Juice*] Bookſellers, to preſerve their valuable Books from growing mouldy, or Worm-eaten, rubbed them over with the Liquor that diſtilled from the Cedar Tree. See *Pliny*, B. 13. C. 13.

" Should bid to lateſt Times, unſoil'd endure;
" Of Grocers, fearleſs; and of Cooks, ſecure?"

Who'er thou art, to whom, ſo lately, I
Aſſign'd the opponent's Part, take this Reply.
If in my Writings, by ſome lucky Hit,
(Luck it muſt be) I deviate into Wit;
Know, then, howe'er I ſcorn Applauſe undue,
Then, I can Praiſe accept — Approve it too.
To Glory's Charms, not callous is my Heart,
Such Glory, as reſults from true Deſert.
But that theſe Eulogies of Fools, ſhou'd be
The final Him — to that, I can't agree.
For ſift (I beg) all this their mighty Praiſe:
Includes it not ev'n *Labeo*'s paltry Lays?
His very *Iliad?* and each fuſtian Strain
Teem'd in that purg'd, helleborated Brain?

Ver. 117. *helleborated Brain?*] The Ancients made uſe of Hellebore, not only when they were diſordered, but oftentimes too in ſound Health, purely to quicken the Apprehenſion. See *Pliny*, B. XXV. C. 5.

Includes

Includes it not our Noble Sonnetteers,
Whoſe Flux of Elegy infeſts our Ears?
Nay, all the Traſh that trickles from the Heads
Of glutted Fops, who loll on Citron Beds?

Yes, this forſooth! is Fame, the Jewel ſought:
Yes, and (what's worſe) this too is meerly bought.
You know to bribe, to ſpread the ſmoaking Treat;
The grateful Gueſt returns you Fame for Meat.
You know to buy the ſhuddering Poet's Vote,
(An eaſy Purchaſe) with a thread-bare Coat.

"Now Sirs, *(cry you)* I honour Truth—be free—
"How is my Verſe?—Speak Truth, howe'er it be."

They, poor Dependants! are oblig'd to lie;
They ſpeak! No, no, *they* dare not—but ſhall *I*?
Truſt me, bald Trifler! worſe was never writ:
Thou! with that Mountain Paunch, aim'ſt *thou* at Wit?

Thrice happy *Janus*, bleſt with Face behind!
He to no flouting poſtern Jeers is blind:
He no crook'd Finger, no ſplay Mouth he fears;
No Length of lolling Tongue, or Aſſes Ears.
But you, *Patricians!* doom'd to *ſingle* Face,
Fear *you* the Tongue behind, that lolls Diſgrace.

"*What ſay the Town?*"—O dear Sir, can they ſay
Other than This? And this, beſure, they may:
" Verſe to its laſt Perfection you have brought,
" In liquid Flow conveying gentle Thought.
" Each poliſh'd Part, is ſo exactly join'd,
" That where they meet no curious Nail can find.
" Each Verſe is drawn ſo ſtrait, ſo ſmooth, ſo fine,
" Why ſure you ſhut one Eye, and work by Line!

Ver. 145. *No curious Nail*] It is uſual with Artificers to run the Nail of their Finger along their Work; making it thereby a Teſt of the Aſperity or Smoothneſs of the Marble, or other Matter, which they have undertaken to poliſh. *Hor.* Art of Poetry, V. 294.

" Whether

"Whether you touch the *Humours* of the Age,
"Or paint the People's *Vice*, or Tyrant's *Rage*,
"True Genius ſtill inſpires the mighty Page!"

Each Youngſter now (behold!) attempts to write,
And in Heroics wings his airy Flight;
Every raw Thing, and each pin-feather'd Fool,
Who left but Yeſterday his *Greek* and School;
Below the loweſt Theme; unbleſt with Skill
To paint or *waving Grove*, or *purling Rill*.

Sings he the *Country*'s copious Scenes? — his Lay
Recounts its *Chimnies*, *Panniers*, *Hogs*, and *Hay*.

Ver. 148. *Humours*,—*Vice*,—*Rage*] That is, whether you write Comedy, Satire, or Tragedy. The Author deſcribes here the ſeveral Kinds of Poetry, by mentioning the different Objects that each is converſant about.

Ver 158 *Recounts its Chimnies, Panniers*] *Perſius*, in this Paſſage, glances at ſome contemporary Poetaſter, or other, who, in a Poem upon the Pleaſures of a *Country Life*, had been very particular and tedious upon the Circumſtances here recited. See *Caſaubon*.

" *Remus* of old (adds he) was ſuckled *here*;
" *Here* did'ſt thou, * *Quintus*, drive the labouring
" Steer:
" *Here* thy Good-Woman, in the furrow'd Track,
" Trembling array'd her new Dictator's Back;
" And laſt, the Lictor carry'd home thy Plow."
——Are not theſe hopeful Sparks for *Epic*, now?

But let bad *Writers* ſcribble as they will,
Some *Readers*, bad as they, admire them ſtill.
That puffy Offspring of old *Accius*' Head,
Briſeis' ſelf, by one at leaſt is read.
Numbers adore *Pacuvius*' knotty Line,
And ſwear *Antiopa* is all divine.
" *Whoſe Sighs, like Pillars, propping every Part,*
" *Buttreſs'd her ſinking, doloriſe, Heart.*

* i. e. *Quintus Cincinnatus.*

Ver. 171. *Whoſe Sighs*, &c.] Theſe two Verſes are the Tranſlation of a ridiculous Line, taken from a Poem of *Pacuvius*, entitled *Antiopa*.

Now,

Now, when each blear ey'd Dunce theſe noxious Seeds
Sows in young Minds, and nurtures up the Weeds;
Aſk you from whence this motley Jargon ſprung,
Whoſe vile Contagion thus deforms our Tongue!
Aſk you, whence came thoſe fulſome Points of Wit,
Which charm our Lodlings, and the beardleſs Pit?
Nay, which are urg'd as Arguments of Weight,
Where Life itſelf's the Queſtion in Debate.

Lo thy grey Head obnoxious to the Laws!
In Tropes and Figures, plead'ſt thou *ſuch* a Cauſe?
In *ſuch* a Juncture, at thy Life's Expence,
Muſt thou be labouring for a *ſpruce* Defence?

"*Theft! Theft! O Pedius*, to thy Charge I lay."
Thus ſays th' *Accuſer*.—What will *Pedius* ſay?
The gentle *Pedius* places all his Hopes
In Points, in balanc'd Periods, and in Tropes.

"*How*

" *How ſweet his Turns!*" the raptur'd Audience cry:
" *How choice his Figures!*"—How abſurd! ſay *I.*
Canſt thou, O *Roman!* then, ſubmit to pleaſe
By Arts? Such tickling, trifling Arts as theſe?
Say, ſhou'd the Ship-wreck'd Sailor *ſing* his Grief,
Wou'd that prevail on *me*, to lend Relief?
The Tablet on your Back, expreſſes Woe;
Is this a Time to warble as you go?
He whoſe Complaints would bend my ſtubborn Heart,
Muſt bring *me* Tears of *Nature*, not of *Art.*

M. Well, Sir, whatever Blemiſh taint our *Proſe*,
Our *Verſe*, you'll own, with ſweet Improvements flows.
Crude was the Poeſy of former Days,
But Oh! what Charms embelliſh *modern* Lays!

Ver. 195. *The Table on your Back*] Wretches who had ſuffered Ship-wreck, at the ſame Time that they went along the Streets, making a lamentable Recital of their Misfortunes, carried on their Shoulders (the more to move Pity and Compaſſion) a pictured Repreſentation of the Dangers, in which they had been concerned.

P. Thouſands,

P. Thouſands, no Doubt! (thrice happy tinkling Times!)
Witneſs the Pauſe that *rhymes*, the Cloſe that *chimes*.
Witneſs thou, *Attys!* "Thou, whoſe lovely Eyes
"Cou'd ev'n ſur*priſe* the Mother of the *Skies*."
Witneſs the Dolphin too, "who cleaves the Tides,
"And flouncing *rides* o'er *Nereus* Sea-green *Sides*."
Witneſs thou likewiſe, "*Hannibal* divine,
"Who of the long-ribb'd *Apennine* didſt bravely laſh
"the *Rhine*."

M. What of theſe Lines, Sir?——If you can't admire 'um,
Grant me, at leaſt, they equal *Arma Virum*.
Nay *Virgil*'s ſure, are ſpungier ſtill than theſe;
His empty Lines! like Limbs of dodder'd Trees,
Puft up with fungous, fat Excreſcencies!

P. Theſe

Ver. 204. *The Pauſe that rhymes*] *Caſaubon* obſerves, that in the ridiculous Verſes immediately following, we are particularly to remark the childiſh Affectation

P. Theſe then are Samples of the *lofty* Vein:
Where next, I marvel, is the *tender* Strain?
Where is the gentle Lay, that muſt be read
With languid Accent, and inclining Head?
—Why doubtleſs, here — * "The Bacchanalian
Crew
"Their wreath'd Horns *blew*, and after *Pentheus*
"*ſlew.*
"He, ſcornful Calf! it is *decreed*, muſt *bleed*;
"His Mother's angry Knife ſhall do the Deed.
"His Siſters, joining in the *Mænad* Band,
"With Ivy-armed *Hand* the Subject *Lynx* command,
"And *Evion* cry; 'tis *Evion* all around:
"Echo repairs, and babbles back the Sound."

Affectation there is of Jingle, and of what we term *Monkiſh* or *Middle Rhyme*. To make the Ridiculouſneſs of them more apparent to an *Engliſh* Reader, they are tranſlated accordingly.

Ver. 101. of the Original. * *Torva Mimelloneis*] Theſe and the preceding Verſes, *Berecyrthius Attin*, &c. have been almoſt univerſally ſuppoſed to be *Nero*'s own: but how unjuſtly, may be ſeen in Monſieur *Bayle*'s *Life of Perſius* here prefix'd.

But

But oh, if *Rome*'s old Manhood were not fled,
Cou'd ſuch Lines gender in a *Roman* Head?
Hold, I miſtake; 'tis in the Mouth they grow:
Mænas and *Attys*, like our Spittle flow.
Their Author thump'd no Deſk; no Finger bit:
His only Toil and Trouble, was — to ſpit.

M. Pſhaw, be their Poems, good, bad—What you will—
Nay, Sir, admit them deſpicably ill:
Muſt therefore *you*, your venom'd Verſe employ?
Your biting Truths the courtly Ear annoy?
What End will this, this ſnappiſh Satire ſerve?
What can'ſt thou purpoſe, Friend!—unleſs to ſtarve?

Ver. 231. *Mænas* and *Attys*] The two Poems from whence the foregoing Quotations are taken.

Ver. 233. *His only Toil*] *Ben Johnſon* in a piece of his, which he calls an Apologetical Dialogue, ſeems to have an Eye to this Paſſage, as well as to another in our Author's Prologue.

" —— They wou'd think it ſtrange now,
" A Man ſhould take but Colt's-foot for one Day,
" And, between whiles, ſpit out a better Poem,
" Than e'er the Maſter of Art, or Giver of Wit
" Their Belly made.

With

With Cold and Hunger, ſhivering wilt thou wait,
And barr'd for ever, find the Great Man's Gate.
How can'ſt thou leſs expect, in whoſe harſh Page
The curriſh *Letter* hath perpetual Rage?

P. Adieu then, honeſt Muſe! Write, they who care:
For *me*, let all that's black, at once be fair.
Me it concerns not. Henceforth every Line,
Gods, how prodigious! Bleſs us, how divine!
"Sure the Reſolve *(ſay you)* is moſt diſcreet:
"Know while you live, your Diſtance with the *Great*;
"Their Doors are ſacred. Satiriſt, come not near,
"Lay not your excremental Libels *here!*
Paint then *(ſay I)* with due Inſcription round,
Paint then two Snakes: *This, Boys, is hallow'd Ground,*

Ver. 243. R, is called the Dog's Letter; becauſe the trembling Vibration of the Tongue in pronouncing it, reſembles the Snarling of a Dog.

Ver. 253. *Paint then two Snakes*] The Ancients were

Urine not here! Nought further need be done;
Inſtant, I vaniſh; in a Trice, am gone.

Yet cou'd *Lucilius* laſh a vicious Age;
Mutius and *Lupus* felt his grinding Rage.
Yet cou'd ſhrewd *Horace*, with diſportive Wit,
Rally his Friend, and tickle while he bit;
Winning Acceſs, he play'd around the Heart;
And gently touching, prick'd the tainted Part.
The Crowd he *ſneer'd*; but ſneer'd with ſuch a Grace,
It paſs'd for down-right Innocence of Face.
May not *I whiſper* then?—Not any where?
No, not in private?—to a Ditch?—*M.* Not there.

P. Then *here* I'll bury, hide it *here* I muſt:
Take thou my *Book!* the Secret to thy Truſt.

were uſed to denote the Sacredneſs of a Place, by the Repreſentation of *Serpents*; under the Shape of which Animals, they alſo characteriſed their Gods and Genii. For the Reaſon, ſee *L'Hiſtoire du Ciel*, Vol. I.

I ſaw it, *I* myſelf—— * " King *Midas* wears
" A goodly royal Pair of Aſſes Ears."

This ſecret Sneer, this one Conceit of mine,
So meer a Nothing—wou'd not I reſign,
For all your Tomes, replete with courtly Wit;
For all the *Iliads*, that were ever writ.

Thou then, whom bold *Cratinus'* Zeal inſpires,
And his free Line with generous Ardor fires!

* See *Dryd.* Fab. *The Wife of Bath.*

Ver. 122. or the Orig.—*Nullâ* tibi vendo *Iliade*—

It has been doubted if the Word *nullâ* here, does not carry the Meaning farther than *Labeo's* Iliad only; and if the Author does not deſign to expreſs in the ſtrongeſt Manner the Eſteem he has for his *Nothing*, by ſaying he would not exchange it for *any* Iliad, not even that of *Homer's*. I rather agree with *Lubin*, who thinks the Poet would be underſtood to mean *Nero's* Iliad. For *Nero*, as well as *Labeo*, had written a Poem on the Deſtruction of *Troy*: And as their Subject was the ſame, ſo was their Succeſs in treating it.

Ver. 274. *Eupolis—Cratinus—Ariſtophanes*] Theſe were Authors, who expoſed Perſons as well as Vices in their bare-faced Satire; and ridiculed the Chief Magiſtrates of the Commonwealth, by Name, upon the Stage.

Thou,

Thou, who grow'ſt pale o'er *Eupolis*'s Rage;
Pale, o'er the * *mighty Maſter*'s drolling Page;
Come *hither* too!—If aught more mellow'd *here*,
If, haply, aught more-finiſh'd, ſtrike your Ear,
Let the rare Beauties win you to proceed;
O, let your Boſom kindle, as you read!

But as for *Him*, and ſuch like Things as *He*,
Who plumes, and takes himſelf for *ſome-body*,
(Becauſe his Worſhip's Honour late is grown
Clerk of the Market, in ſome corporate Town;
Impower'd forſooth, in that exalted State,
To break ſmall Pints, and cenſure ſcanty Weight!)
Him, who with Scoffings (dull, and brutal too)
Can flout the *Græcian*'s philoſophic Shoe;
Can mock the Blind; and has the Wit to cry
(Prodigious Wit!) "*Why Friend, you want an Eye!*"
From reading what *I* write, let *him* refrain!
Be nought *his* Portion—but my juſt Diſdain.

* *Ariſtophanes.*

The ſame to *thee*, whoſe thick unfurniſh'd ſcull
Contemns all Science, faſhionably dull;
Derides the ſage Geometrician's Pains,
With all the Lines his learned Duſt contains:
And then, O then is moſt ſupremely bleſt,
When ſome wiſe Beard becomes a Strumpet's Jeſt:
Then moſt tranſporting Raptures feels within,
When the pert Wanton tugs the reverend Chin.

No, no; let *ſuch* mind this, and nothing more:
Let them, all Morning, conn the Play-Bills o'er;
Then dine: From Dinner, to Rehearſals run,
There, with *Calliroe*, waſte their After-Noon.

Ver. 297. *his learned Duſt*] The Geometricians made their Demonſtrations upon Duſt, or ſanded Floors; to the End, that the Lines might with Eaſe be changed, and ſtruck out again at Pleaſure. As for the *Abacus*, or *Counting-Table*, the learned may pleaſe to refer to Mr. *Holiday*'s ſecond Note upon the ninth Sat. of *Juvenal*.

Ver. the laſt of the Orig. *His mane Edictum, poſt Prandia Calliroen do.*] Moſt Commentators think *Edictum* in this Place, means the Prætor's Edict; and that by *Calliroe*, we are to underſtand ſome Harlot of that Name. But *Marcilius*, with more Reaſon, takes

Edictum

Edictum (agreeably to the Phraſes, *Edictum Ludorum*, *Edictum muneris Gladiatorii*, *&c.*) to ſignify a Programma, a kind of Play-Bill, which was ſtuck up, as ours are, in a Morning; and *Calliroe* to be the Title of a Play, which (as the Bill we may ſuppoſe expreſſed) was to be rehearſed, in the After-noon.

Surely, the Decrees of the Prætor muſt have been Subjects too ſerious and rational for ſuch Gentlemen as *Perſius* is here directing himſelf to; and then *Calliroe*, I apprehend, ſhould ſeem to be the Name of a Poem, rather than of a Strumpet, becauſe this Satire is ſo particularly levelled againſt bad Authors and their wretched Productions.

The End of the Firſt SATIRE.

AULI

PERSII FLACCI

SATIRÆ SEX.

AULI

PERSII FLACCI

SATIRÆ SEX.

PROLOGUS

AD

SATIRAM PRIMAM.

NEC Fonte Labra prolui Caballino:
Nec in bicipiti ſomniaſſe Parnaſſo
Memini; ut repentè ſic Poeta prodirem.
Heliconidaſque, pallidamque Pirenen
Illis remitto, quorum Imagines lambunt
Hederæ ſequaces. Ipſe ſemipaganus
Ad ſacra Vatum Carmen affero noſtrum.

Quis expedivit Pſittaco ſuum χαῖρε?
Picaſque docuit Verba noſtra conari?

Magiſter

Magister Artis, Ingenique Largitor
Venter, negatas artifex sequi Voces.

Quòd si dolosi spes refulserit Nummi,
Corvos Poetas, et Poetrias Picas,
Cantare credas Pegaseium Melos.

SATIRA

SATIRA PRIMA.

PERSIUS. MONITOR.

P. O Curas Hominum! ô quantum est in Rebus Inane!

M. Quis leget hæc? *P.* Min' Tu istud ais? Nemo, Hercule, Nemo.

M. Vel Duo, vel — *P.* Nemo. *M.* Turpe et miserabile. *P.* Quare?

Ne mihi Polydamas et Troiades Labeonem
Prætulerint? Nugæ! — Non si quid turbida Roma
Elevet, accedas: Examenve improbum in istâ
Castiges Trutinâ: Ne Te quæsiveris extra.
Nam Romæ Quis non —? Ah, si fas dicere! Sed fas

Tunc,

Tunc, cum ad Canitiem, et noſtrum iſtud vivere triſte,
Aſpexi; et Nucibus facimus quæcunque relictis:
Cum ſapimus Patruos—tunc, tunc ignoſcite—*M.* Nolo.
P. Quid faciam? Sed ſum petulanti Splene Cachinno.
M. Scribimus inclusi, numeros Ille, Hic pede liber,
Grande aliquid — *P.* quod Pulmo animæ prælargus anhelet.

Scilicet hæc Populo, pexuſque Togaque recenti,
Et natalitia tandem cum Sardonyche albus,
Sede legas celſa, liquido cum Plaſmate Guttur
Mobile collueris, patranti fractus Ocello.
Hic, neque More probo videas, neque Voce ſerenâ,
Ingentes trepidare Titos; cum Carmina Lumbum
Intrant, & tremulo ſcalpuntur ubi intima Verſu.

Tun', Vetule, Auriculis alienis colligis Eſcas?
Auriculis! quibus et dicas Cute perditus, *Obe.*

Ver. 23—*Cute perditus, Obe*] See *Dacier's* Horace, Vol. VII. p. 284.

" Quò didiciſſe, niſi hoc Fermentum, et quæ ſemel intus
" Innata eſt, rupto Jecore exierit caprificus ?"

En pallor, Seniumque ! O Mores, uſque adeone
Scire tuum nihil eſt, niſi Te ſcire hoc ſciat alter !

" At pulchrum eſt, digito monſtrari, eſt dicier, *Hic eſt.*
" Ten' cirrhatorum centum Dictata fuiſſe,
" Pro Nihilo pendas ?"—Ecce, inter pocula, quærunt
Romulidæ ſaturi, quid dia Poemata narrent !
Hìc aliquis, cui circum Humeros hyacinthina Læna eſt,
(Rancidulum quiddam balba de Nare locutus)
Phyllidas, Hypſipylas, Vatum & plorabile ſi quid,
Eliquat ; & tenero ſupplantat Verba Palato.

Aſſenſere Viri — Nunc non Cinis ille Poetæ
Felix ? Nunc levior Cippus non imprimit Oſſa ?

Laudant Convivæ — Nunc non e Manibus illis,
Nunc non e Tumulo, fortunataque Favillâ,
Naſcentur Violæ? Rides, *ait*, et nimis uncis
Naribus indulges: An erit Qui velle recuſet
Os Populi meruiſſe? et Cedro digna locutus,
Linquere nec Scombros metuentia Carmina, nec
Thus?

Quiſquis es, ô modò quem ex adverſo dicere feci,
Non Ego, cum ſcribo, ſi fortè quid aptius exit,
(Quando hæc rara avis eſt, ſi quid tamen aptius exit)
Laudari metuam: Neque enim mihi cornea Fibra eſt.
Sed Recti Finemque Extremumque eſſe recuſo
Euge tuum et *Bellè*. Nam *Bellè* hoc excute totum:
Quid non intus habet? Non hìc eſt Ilias Atti,
Ebria Veratro? Non ſi qua Elegidia crudi
Dictarunt Proceres? Non quicquid denique Lectis
Scribitur in citreis? — Calidum ſcis ponere Sumen;
Scis Comitem horridulum trita donare Lacernâ;
Et Verum, inquis, amo; Verum Mihi dicite de Me.

Qui

Qui pote? Vis dicam? — Nugaris, cum tibi, Calve,
Pinguis Aqualiculus propenſo ſeſquipede extet.

O *Jane*, a Tergo quem nulla ciconia pinſit,
Nec Manus Auriculas imitata eſt mobilis albas;
Nec Linguæ, quantum ſitiat Canis Appula, tantum!
Vos, O patricius Sanguis, quos vivere fas eſt
Occipiti cæco, poſticæ occurrite Sannæ!

" Quis Populi Sermo eſt?" — Quis enim, niſi Carmina molli
Nunc demum Numero fluere, ut per læve ſeveros
Effundat Junctura Ungues? Scit tendere Verſum,
Non ſecus ac ſi Oculo Rubricam dirigat uno.
Sive Opus in Mores, in Luxum, in Prandia Regum,
Dicere Res grandes noſtro dat Muſa Poetæ.

Ecce, modò, heroas ſenſus afferre docemus
Nugari ſolitos Græcè; Nec ponere Lucum
Artifices; nec Rus ſaturum laudare; *Ubi Corbes*
Et Focus, et Porci, et fumoſa Palilia fæno:
Unde Remus, ſulcoque terens Dentalia, Quinti,
Quum trepida ante Boves Dictatorem induit Uxor;
Et tua Aratra Domum Lictor tulit. —— Euge,
Poetæ!

Eſt nunc, Briſæi quem venoſus Liber Acci;
Sunt quos Pacuviuſque, et verrucoſa moretur
Antiopa; "ærumnis Cor luctificabile fulta."

Hos Pueris Monitus, Patres infundere lippos
Cum videas, quæriſne unde hæc Sartago loquendi
Venerit in Linguas? Unde iſtud Dedecus, in quo
Troſſulus exultat tibi per ſubſellia lævis?
Nilne pudet, Capiti non poſſe Pericula cano
Pellere, quin tepidum hoc optes audire, DECENTER?

Fur

Fur es, ait Pedio : Pedius quid ? Crimina raſis
Librat in Antithetis : doctus poſuiſſe Figuras
Laudatur. bellum hoc.—hoc bellum ? An, Romule, ceves ?
Men' moveat quippe, et, cantet ſi Naufragus, aſſem
Protulerim ? Cantas, cum fracta Te in Trabe pictum
Ex Humero portes ? Verum, nec nocte paratum
Plorabit, qui Me volet incurvaſſe Querelâ.

M. Sed *Numeris* Decor eſt, & Junctura addita crudis.

P. Claudere ſic Verſum didicit *Berecynthius Attin,*
Et qui cæruleum dirimebat Nerea Delphin :
Sic, *Coſtam longo ſubduximus Apennino.*

M. Arma Virum, Nonne hoc ſpumoſum, & Cortice pingui,
Ut Ramale vetus prægrandi ſubere coctum ?

P. Quidnam igitur tenerum, & laxa cervice legendum?

" *Torva Mimalloneis implerunt Cornua Bombis;*
" *Et raptum Vitulo Caput ablatura ſuperbo*
" Baſſaris; *et Lyneem* Mænas *flexura Corymbis,*
" *Evion ingeminat: reparabilis adſonat Echo.*"

Hæc fierent, ſi Teſticuli Vena ulla paterni
Viveret in Nobis? Summa delumbe ſalivâ
Hoc natat in Labris; & in udo eſt Mænas & Attin;
Nec Pluteum cædit, nec demorſes ſapit ungues.

M. Sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere Vero
Auriculas? Vide ſis, ne Majorum Tibi fortè
Limina frigeſcant. Sonat hìc de Nare canina
Litera — *P.* Per me, Equidem, ſint omnia protinus alba;
Nil moror. Euge, omnes, omnes benè miræ eritis Res.

Hoc

Hoc juvat ; hic, inquis, veto quiſquam faxit oletum ;

Pinge duos Angues : *Pueri, ſacer eſt Locus, extrà*
Meite : diſcedo. Secuit Lucilius urbem,
Te, Lupe, Te, Muti ; & genuinum fregit in illis.
Omne vafer Vitium ridenti Flaccus Amico
Tangit ; & admiſſus circum Præcordia ludit :
Callidus excuſſo Populum ſuſpendere Naſo.
Men' mutire Nefas ? Nec clam, nec cum Scrobe ? *M.*
Nuſquam.
P. Hìc tamen infodiam : Vidi, vidi Ipſe, *Libelle ;*
" Auriculas Aſini Mida Rex habet —" Hoc Ego
opertum,
Hoc ridere meum, tam nil, nulla Tibi vendo
Iliade.——Audaci Quicunque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem, prægrandi cum Sene palles,
Aſpice & hæc. Si fortè aliquid decoctius audis,
Indè vaporata Lector mihi ferveat aure.
Non Hic, qui in Crepidas *Graiorum* ludere geſtit
Sordidus ; & luſco qui poſſit dicere, *luſce :*

Seſe

Sese Aliquem credens, *Italo* quòd Honore supinus,
Fregerit Heminas *Areti* Ædilis iniquas.
Nec, Qui Abaco Numeros, & Secto in Pulvere Metas,
Scit risisse vafer; multum gaudere paratus,
Si Cynico Barbam petulans *Nonaria* vellat.
His, Mane, Edictum; post Prandia, *Calliroen*, do.

Finis PRIMÆ SATIRÆ.

THE SECOND SATIRE OF *PERSIUS*,

Addreſſed to MACRINUS on his Birth-day.

The ARGUMENT.

AMONG the Romans, *it was uſual for one Friend to compliment Another, on his Birth-day, with ſome Sort of Preſent. Your Men of Letters (moſt of them, perhaps, having nothing they could ſpare ſo conveniently, as their Works) generally ſent, at theſe Times, ſome Piece or other of their own compoſing.*

ACCORD-

ACCORDINGLY Perſius *here, upon the Birth-day of* Marcinus, *addreſſes to him this Satire.*

NOW *it being cuſtomary for the Native to pay his Devotions to the Gods, at ſuch Seaſons more particularly; the Poet takes thence an Occaſion, firſt of commending the Purity of his Friend* Macrinus *his Prayers; and then of expoſing the ſinful Deſigns of others, in the like Action.*

THROUGH *the whole, he gives us Inſtances either of Folly or Impiety: where the Petitions People made were unreaſonable and criminal, as the Meaſures taken for the Attainment of them, were abſurd and profane.*

THE *Ground of theſe Abuſes was this one miſtaken Point: Men imagined divine Beings were to be influenced like mortal Ones, by mercenary Motives; And then (in Conſequence of ſo groſs a Principle) thought to conciliate them by Preſents, and bribe them by Offerings. Whereas (ſays the Author) the Gods regard Nothing leſs:* They *look not for the Sacrifice of Coſt and Expence; but for the Sacrifice of a pure and undefiled Heart.*

THE

THE *Subſtance of* Plato's *Dialogue upon Prayer (which doubtleſs gave Occaſion to this Satire of* Perſius) *may be found in the Spectator, N°* 207.

AGAIN, *Macrinus*, comes the genial Day,
(O note with whiter Stone, it's fairer Ray!)
Which, often as revolves the circling Sphere,
Adds to the paſt Account, another Year.
Go then, obſervant of thy natal Hour,
Go, to thy *Genius* a Libation pour.
A plain Libation: for thou know'ſt to join
No Bribe unhallow'd, to a Prayer of thine.
Thine, which can every Ear's full Teſt abide:
Nor need be mutter'd to the Gods, aſide!
No, *Thou* aloud may'ſt thy Petitions truſt;
Thou need'ſt not whiſper, other Great-ones muſt.

For few, my Friend! few dare, like thee, be plain;
And Prayer's low Artifice, at Shrines, diſdain:

Few

Few from their pious Mumblings dare depart,
And make Profeſſion of their inmoſt Heart.
" Keep me, indulgent Heaven! thro' Life ſincere!
Keep my Mind ſound! my Reputation clear!"
—Theſe Wiſhes, *they* can ſpeak, and *we* may hear.
Thus far their Wants, are audibly expreſt;
Then ſinks the Voice, and Mutterings groan the reſt:
" Hear, hear at length, good *Hercules!* my Vow:
" O chink ſome Pot of Gold beneath my Plow!
" Could I, O could I, to my raviſh'd Eyes,
" See my rich Uncle's pompous Funeral riſe!
" Or could I, once, my Ward's cold Corpſe attend!
" Then all were mine — This Autumn ſtand my Friend!
" Poor ſcrophulous Youth, his Life is Pain at beſt:
" Kind Death, releaſe him! and we both are bleſt."

" *One*

" *One* everlasting Wife sticks close by *me*,
" While Neighbour *Nerius* has dispos'd of *three*."

But that, with due Solemnity preferr'd,
These righteous Sighs may fail not to be heard;
Each rising Morn, with lifted Eye and Hand,
At *Tiber*'s purifying Stream you stand.
Twice, thrice, you plunge the Head, with solemn Care,
Lest Night's remaining Stains should spoil the Pray'r.

Hark now, resolve me, Friend! (no mighty Task)
This one short Question — This is all I ask:

What are thy Thoughts of Jove? — nay speak — be free,
Would'st thou prefer Him — " HA? TO WHOM? — let's see,

Would'ſt thou to *Staius!* — Bleſs me, why ſo mute?

Yes, yes, thou would'ſt to *Staius*, paſt diſpute.
Why, can'ſt thou queſtion which is to be ſtyl'd
The truſtier *Guardian*, to the friendleſs Child?
Which for a *Judge*, thou ſooner would'ſt approve
Abandon'd *Staius*, or all-perfect *Jove?*

Well, what you urg'd to *Jove* before, impart
To *Staius* now. Ev'n *Staius* ſelf would ſtart.
O Jove, O gracious Jove! would *he* exclaim;
And muſt not *Jove* himſelf, then, do the ſame?

What, becauſe Thunder ſtrikes the harmleſs Tree,
Shatters the neighbouring Oak, and paſſes thee;
Argueſt thou thence, the Thunderer appeas'd?
If he be patient, muſt he needs be pleas'd?

Ver. 42. *Staius* was a notorious Wretch, who had behaved particularly villainous in theſe two Characters, of a Judge, and a Guardian.

Fool!

Fool! if no Grove behold thy Carcaſs lie
An Object, horrible to human Eye;
If yet no expiating Sheep has bled
On the ſad Spot, where Lightnings riv'd thy Head;
Conclud'ſt thou, *Jove* lies lolling at his Reſt,
And leaves his fooliſh Beard, thy wicked Jeſt?

Or have thy Offerings bought forſooth! their Ear,
And brib'd the Gods, thus patiently to hear?
'Tis ſo; thy Victims have their Anger check'd:
For Blood of Sheep, beſure, has ſtrange Effect!

Behold the Aunt, or reverend Grannum there;
From Cradle, ſee, ſhe takes her Infant Care!

Ver. 58. *If yet no expiating Sheep*] When any Perſon was ſtruck dead with Lightning, immediately the Prieſt (*Aliquis ſenior qui publica fulmina condit*, Juv. Sat. 6.) came and buried the Body, incloſed the Place, and erecting there an Altar ſacrificed on it two Sheep, by Way of Expiation. Hence the Word *Bidental* is by Authors applied indifferently, to the Sacrifice, to the Place, to the Perſon.

In every Rite of Superſtition verſt,
The ſacred Spittle, lo, ſhe mingles firſt!
The Finger deſtin'd to Luſtration, dips;
Then 'noints his Forehead, and his driveling Lips.
This Conſecration guards from every Charm:
Now, Eyes malignant know no more to harm.

She dandles, next, and dancing it on high,
Preſents her puling *Precious* to the Sky;
Humbly beſeeching each Immortal there,
To make the hopeful Urchin all their Care;

Ver. 69] Spittle was thought by the Good-Women, *&c.* to contain a more than ordinary Virtue againſt Faſcination, or an evil Eye; and therefore with a Compoſition of that and Dirt mix'd together, they rubb'd certain Parts of the Face, by Way of a Preſervative. And to make the Charm ſtill more effectual, this was done with the middle Finger. Thus in *Petronius*; *Mox turbatum Sputo Pulverem, Anus medio ſuſtulit Digito, Frontemque repugnantis ſignat.*

Ver. 74.] When the Buſineſs of Expiation was finiſhed, they next offered their Prayers for the Infant: at which Time, they lifted up in their Arms, to ſhew him, as it were, to the Gods.

To

To give Him, partial to her fond Demands,
Now *Craſſus'* Houſes, now *Licinius'* Lands.
" May Kings and Queens aſpire to call Him
Son!
" May to *his* Arms, their eager Daughters run!
" May every Weed, where-e'er the Charmer goes,
" Touch'd by his ſudden Foot, become a Roſe!"

To *pray* aright, ſure aſks a prudent Heart:
No Nurſe truſt I, with this important Part.
Be gracious, *Jove!* and hear no Nurſe of mine,
Tho' rob'd in white and proſtrate at thy Shrine.

Nerves firm, and faithful thro' a Length of Years;
This Votary aſks — well, *Jove* inclining hears.

Ver. 79.] *Craſſus* (ſays *Plutarch*) purchaſed ſo many Houſes, that the greateſt Part of *Rome*, at one Time or other, came into his Hands. *Licinius* (ſays the old Scholiaſt) was a young ſlave of ſo ſaving a Temper, that he let out the Offals of his Meat for Intereſt, and kept a Regiſter of ſuch Debtors. He was afterwards made a Collector in *Gaul*, where he acquired (as *Perſius* expreſſes it, Sat. 4. *quantum non Milvus oberret:*) " more Lands than a Kite can fly over." Dr. *Arbuthnot's* Tables, p. 119.

But hears, in vain: in vain, hears every God.
—— Fool, thy loose Life with-holds th' assenting Nod:
Disease lurks latent, in each loaded Dish;
And every rich Ragoust, defeats thy Wish.
Another lo! — He Wealth alone pursues:
To get this Wealth, what Methods will he use?
A fatted Heifer, first, forsooth! He slays;
Then to the God of Gain, the Suppliant prays.
'Kind *Hermes*, come; on me thy Influence show'r
'Propitiate to my House, each houshold Pow'r!
'But chief, thy self smile gracious on my Stock!
'*Increase* my lowing Herds, and fleecy Flock!'

Thou Dolt absurd! do'st thou *increase* Desire,
While daily Heifers feed thy Altar's Fire?
'Yes (thinks he) yes; such Offerings cannot fail:
'They must, nay do, already do, prevail.
'I see, I see, luxuriant Harvests rise;
'See teeming Ewes drop Twins before my Eyes.

'O large

'O large Amends for Disappointments past!
'Ay, now 'tis coming, now it comes at last.'

Thus while he hopes and sacrifices on,
Lo every Sheep, and almost Shilling, gone!
One melancholy Piece remains alone,
And for its Fellows sighs with fruitless Moan.

Whence now, proceed these Errors?—doubtless, hence:
Man fancies Gods have Man's corrupted Sense.
Yes, while my Side-Board groans beneath the Weight
Of graven Gold, and massy Silver, Plate;
Should I but say, 'Take here, Friend! take the whole;
'Each labour'd Goblet, and each burnish'd Bowl,'
Strait, o'er thy Breast, a Sweat of Joy would rise;
Thy throbbing Heart, strait own a glad Surprise.
Thy natural easy Inference is then,
'Why should not *Gods* love Gold, as well as *Men*?'

Hence

Hence, to engage their mercenary Hearts,
Thou gild'ſt their Statues, with the coſtlieſt Arts:
Hence, from among the *brazen Brothers*, they
Who apteſt Cures in pureſt Dreams convey,
Above their Fellows claim thy choice Regard,
And Beards of Gold their gracious Pains reward.

Gold in our *Temples* has aſſum'd a Right,
And *Numa*'s frugal Veſſels put to flight:
The humble Braſs of old *Saturnian* Years,
Owns its prevailing Power, and diſappears:
The *Veſtal* Urns, ſee now are gilded o'er;
Plain honeſt *Tuſcan* Ware will down no more.

Ver. 126.] Antiquity believed that the Gods were pleaſed oftentimes to communicate thro' Dreams, ſuch Remedies as were adapted to the ſeveral Diſorders of the Inquirers. *Ideo Medicinam Somno petii. Petron.* This at firſt was accounted the Province of *Apollo* and *Æſculapius* only; but on the breaking out of *Ægyptian* Superſtition, *Iſis*, *Oſiris*, &c. were complimented with the like Abilities; as were alſo, the 50 Sons of *Ægyptus*, here alluded to: who are called *brazen Brothers*, from their Statues of Braſs, which ſtood together in the Portico of *Apollo Palatinus*.

O abject Souls, ſunk, ever, deep in Clay!
Souls, unenlightned by celeſtial Ray!
Elſe, could we, thus, affront each ſacred Shrine?
Could we, to Gods, mere human Wants aſſign?
Conclude *them* pleas'd with Preſents of Expence,
Like *us*, poor Things of Fleſh, and groveling Senſe?

To pleaſe, forſooth, *this groveling Senſe of ours*,
To the preſt Olive, *Caſia* joins its Powers.
This taught the Pearl, to draw th' admiring Eye;
This taught the Fleece, to drink the *Tyrian* Dye:
This, the crude Ore, to quit the Mother Mine;
While Chymic *Arts* the golden Maſs refine.

Vain Arts, 'tis true: but yet, however vain,
Some Uſe, ſome Uſe, *theſe* Vanities attain.
But come, ye Prieſts: ye Pontiffs, come unfold!
In *Temples*, tell me, what avails your *Gold*?

No

No more alas! than jointed Babies, laid
At *Venus'* Altar, by the nubile Maid.

But, to the Gods, be ſuch the Gift *we* bear,
Such, as the great *Meſſala*'s daſtard Heir,
From his capacious Cenſer, pil'd on high,
Never, my Friend! no, never can ſupply.
'*A Soul*, where ſettled Virtue reigns enſhrin'd:
'Where Juſtice dwells, with Sanctity combin'd:

Ver. 152.] Boys, when they arrived at Puberty, offered up their *Bullæ* to their reſpective Houſhold Gods: and Girls, when they became marriageable, dedicated, in like manner, their *Pupæ* to *Venus*: hoping by the kind Influence of that Goddeſs, to be ſoon the joyful Mothers of *real* Babies.

Ver. 71.] Of the Original—*de magnâ quod dare Lance*] The *Lanx* was a large Cenſer, appropriated to the Rich: but ſometimes *they* made uſe of the *Acerra* likewiſe; (ſee Verſe 5.) a little Cenſer belonging more particularly to the Poor. The meaner Sort of People were content to offer a few Grains only, of Incenſe; but the Great-ones conſumed much larger Quantities. *Datis*, one of *Darius* his Captains, is ſaid to have poured upon the Altar of *Apollo* at *Delos*, above 300 pound Weight of Incenſe at one time. *Herodotus*, B. VI.

Within

Within whoſe inmoſt cloſe Receſſes lie
Tinctures of generous Honour's deepeſt Dye.'

Such is the Sacrifice the Gods demand:
A Cake ſuffices, from a ſpotleſs Hand.

The End of the Second SATIRE.

SATIRA SECUNDA.

Ad *PLOTIUM MACRINUM.*

HUNC, Macrine, Diem numera meliore Lapillo,
Qui Tibi labentes apponit candidus Annos.
Funde Merum Genio: Non tu Prece poscis emaci,
Quæ, niſi ſeductis, nequeas committere Divis.
At bona Pars Procerum, tacita libabit Acerrâ,
Haud cuivis promptum eſt, Murmurque humileſque Suſurros
Tollere de Templis, et aperto vivere Voto.
'Mens bona, Fama, Fides;' hæc clarè, & ut audiat Hoſpes.
Illa ſibi introrsùm, & ſub Linguâ immurmurat, 'O ſi
'Ebullet Patrui præclarum Funus!—et, O ſi

'Sub

'Sub Raſtro crepet Argenti Mihi Seria, dextro
'Hercule!—Pupillumve utinam, quem proximus
Hæres
'Impello, expungam! Namque eſt ſcabioſus, et acri
'Bile tumet—NERIO jam tertia conditur Uxor.'

Hæc ſanctè ut poſcas, Tiberino in Gurgite mergis
Mane Caput, bis, terque; & Noctem Flumine purgas.

Heus age, reſponde; minimum eſt quod ſcire laboro:
De Jove quid ſentis?—Eſtne at præponere cures
Hunc—? "CUINAM"?—Cuinam? vis *Staio?* an,
ſcilicet, hæres
Quis potior Judex? Pueriſve quis aptior orbis?
Hoc igitur, quo Tu *Jovis* Aurem impellere tentas,
Dic agedum *Staio.* Proh Jupiter! O bone, clamet,
Jupiter!—At ſeſe non clamet Jupiter ipſe?
Ignoviſſe putas, quia, cum tonat, ocyŭs Ilex
Sulfure diſcutitur ſacro, quàm Tuque Domuſque?
An, quia non Fibris Ovium, *Ergennaque* jubente,

Triſte jaces Lucis, evitandumque Bidental,
Idcircò ſtolidam præbet Tibi vellere Barbam
Jupiter? Aut quidnam eſt, qua Tu Mercede, Deorum
Emeris Auriculas? Pulmone & lactibus unctis?

Ecce Avia, aut metuens Divûm Matertera, Cunis
Exemit Puerum! Frontemque, atque uda Labella,
Infami Digito, et luſtralibus ante ſalivis
Expiat; urentes Oculos inhibere perita.
Tunc Manibus quatit, & Spem macram, Supplice Voto,
Nunc *Licini* in Campos, nunc *Craſſi* mittit in Ædes.
'Hunc optent Generum Rex & Regina! Puellæ
'Hunc rapiant! quicquid calcaverit Hic, Roſa fiat!'
Aſt Ego Nutrici non mando Vota: negato,
Jupiter, hæc Illi, quamvis Te albata rogarit.

Poſcis Opem Nervis, Corpuſque fidele ſenectæ.
Eſto, age: ſed grandes Patinæ, Tucetaque craſſa
Annuere his ſuperos vetuere, *Jovemque* morantur.

Rem ſtruere exoptas, cæſo Bove; *Mercuriumque*
Arceſſis Fibra: 'da fortunare Penates,
'Da Pecus, et Gregibus Fœtum.' Quo, peſſime, Pacto,
Tot Tibi cum in Flammis *Junicum* Omenta liqueſcant?
Et tamen Hic extis, et opimo vincere Farto
Intendit: 'jam creſcit Ager, jam creſcit Ovile;
'Jam dabitur, jam jam: donec deceptus, et exſpes,
Nequicquam Fundo ſuſpiret Nummus in imo.

Si Tibi Crateras Argenti, incuſaque pingui
Auro dona feram, ſudes; et Pectore lævo
Excutias Guttas: lætari prætrepidum Cor.
Hinc illud ſubiit, Auro ſacras quòd ovato
Perducis Facies. Nam, Fratres inter ahenos,
Somnia Pituita Qui purgatiſſima mittunt,
Præcipui ſunto; ſitque Illis aurea Barba.

Aurum Vaſa *Numæ*, Saturniaque impulit Æra:
Veſtaleſque Urnas, & Tuſcum fictile mutat.
O Curvæ in Terras Animæ, et cœleſtium inanes!
Quid juvat hoc, Templis noſtros immittere Mores?

Et bona Diis, ex hac sceleratâ ducere Pulpâ?
Hæc sibi corrupto Casiam dissolvit Olivo;
Et Calabrum coxit, vitiato Murice, Vellus.
Hæc Baccam Conchæ rasisse; et stringere Venas
Ferventis Massæ, crudo de Pulvere, jussit.
Peccat et Hæc, peccat: Vitio tamen utitur. At Vos
Dicite, Pontifices, in sacris quid facit Aurum?
Nempe hoc, quod *Veneri* donatæ a Virgine Pupæ.

Quin damus Id Superis, de magna quod dare Lance
Non possit magni *Messalæ* lippa Propago:
Compositum Jus, Fasque Animi: sanctosque Recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso Pectus Honesto.

Hæc cedo, ut admoveam Templis, et Farre litabo.

Finis Secundæ Satiræ.

THE THIRD SATIRE OF *PERSIUS.*

The ARGUMENT.

THE Design of the third Satire, is, to excite in young Noblemen more particularly, a serious Attention to the Studies of Philosophy. To this End, Persius, *assuming the Character of a grave Preceptor, reproaches here some Student of Quality, for his Indolence and for his Intemperance. How shameful (says the Sage) is the Course of Life you are leading! to digest the Debauch of the preceding Night, you lie dozing in Bed every Day 'till Noon. Nay, at last, when you rise, instead of employing your Time in*

learned Purſuits, you are triſling it away in fooliſh Excuſes. You preſume, it is like, that High-Birth can privilege Ignorance; and Wealth make amends for the Want of Wiſdom. But this you will find a moſt grievous Miſtake: for know, he that would be happy, muſt firſt be wiſe. Apply then, in time, to Philoſophy; purſue her Doctrines, and practiſe her Precepts. Elſe, will you ſoon ſee yourſelf in the Caſe of that indiſcreet Patient, who, from refuſing to regulate his Conduct by the Directions of his Phyſician, ſuffers his Complaints to become incurable.

'SO! ſure as Morning comes, the Trade's the
' ſame!
' See, ſee! broad Day-light (ſee, and bluſh with
' Shame)
' Spight of thy bolted Shutters, pierces through,
' And every Chink enlarges to the View.
' Yet here dream we, and ſnore regardleſs on,
' Till Day's ſerene and precious half be gone.
' Sick of the Bottle, here lie we in Bed,
' To ſleep off drunken Fumes, and aking Head.

' Come,

'Come, don't you ſtir?—See ſultry *Sirius* reigns,
'And long ago has parch'd the thirſty Plains:
'O'erpower'd with Heat, the panting Flocks are
'laid,
'Beneath the friendly Elm's refreſhing Shade.'

It can't be, ſure: replies my yawning Youth:
But is it then, ſo very late, in Truth?
My Cloaths, this Inſtant!—Slaves, where are you
all?
Waits there no Varlet, to attend one's Call?

Now boiling Choler ſwells his ev'ry Vein:
He raves, he roars, he rends my very Brain.
Twice twenty Aſſes, when they all begin
Their hideous Concert, raiſe not ſuch a Din.

But lo, at length, his Bed the Drone forſakes:
At length, his Book he ſpreads; his Pen, he takes:
His Papers here, in learned Order lays;
And there, his Parchment's ſmoother ſide diſplays.

But

But oh, what Croſſes wait on ſtudious Men!
Now, the black Juice hangs clotted at our Pen.
In all my Life, ſuch Ink I never knew:
So gummy thick—Dilute it, and 'twill do.
Nay, now 'tis Water: and from black, turn'd white:
See, the Pen doubles every Stroke I write!

O Wretch, and born more wretched to become!
Each Day contributes to thy Miſery's Sum.
Are *theſe*, at laſt, our Philoſophic Fruits?
Quit then (ſay I) quit Virtue's high Purſuits:
To ſofter Life, to downy Eaſe remove;
Be fed, be cocker'd, like a Lady's Dove.
Go, like a noble Babe, once more to lap:
There, froward Maſter! ſquawl for infant Pap:
There, at the naughty Breaſt, be ſure to roar;
And at the Lulla-bie, ſcream ten times more.
How ſhould I ſtudy?—blame my Pen, not me.
Handſome enough! Indeed a manly Plea!

Such

Such idle Pretexts, how canſt thou repeat?
Who is it, Trifler! theſe Excuſes cheat?
Know, 'tis thyſelf: thy-ſelf endures the Wrong,
Whoſe Stream of Life unheeded glides along:
Whoſe Follies, fatal to thy better Fame,
Draw down Contempt, and deſtine thee to Shame.

The ill bak'd Jar, if rung, will ſound it's Fault:
The Finger's Teſt proclaims the Veſſel naught.
Such wilt thou be; as yet obedient Clay,
Soft and impreſſive. Form, without Delay,
Form it; ſubmit it to the Potter's Wheel
Now; let it *now* the plaſtic Finger feel.

'But why *(ſaiſt thou)* this Preachment why to *me*?
'I want not Learning; I have Means, you ſee.
'Lands, once my Father's, own me now their Lord;
'Becoming Plenty decks my modeſt Board:
'And need I, can I, *future* Wants ſuſpect,
'I, whom my *Lares* (guardian Powers) protect?

'I, who

'I, who devote of every Meal a Share,
'And daily merit their continu'd Care?'

Know thy Deſires no worthier Scope than this?
Is Wealth, is Grandeur then, Life's only Bliſs?
Is it enough, that ſprung of *Tuſcan* Race,
A long Deſcent thro' Pages thou canſt trace?
Purſue thy Lineage thro' the *Herald's Tree*,
And boaſt the thouſandth Branch begins with thee?

Add, that array'd in Pomp of purple Pride,
(When *Roman* Knights in fair Proceſſion ride)
With free Accoſt, *Rome*'s Cenſor thou canſt greet,
And claim thy Couſin, in the ſtaring Street:

Ver. 61. *Of every Meal.*] The religious Ancients never began eating of what was provided for the Table, till they had firſt aſſigned their Houſhold Gods a part.

——————Vernaſque procaces.
Paſco *libatis* Dapibus. Hor. Sat. VI. B. 2.

This humble Offering, they laid upon the *Patella* (which was a little Diſh conſecrated to this particular Purpoſe) and thence conveyed it into the Fire.

Suffices

Suffices this? for this then, plumes thy Creſt?
For this, inflated ſwells thy ſcornful Breaſt?
Go, prance to Fools; bear, bear thy Trappings hence:
The tawdry Show may ſtrike *their* dazzled Senſe;
Affects not *me*. I know thy Wants *within*:
The *Covering* cheats not me, who knows the *Skin*.
How canſt thou ſee, without indignant Shame,
Thine, and abandon'd *Natta*'s Life the ſame?
But *he*, to Pardon pleads ſome poor Pretence;
His want of Virtue ſprings from want of Senſe:
Groſs Fat involves each Fibre of his Heart,
Grows o'er the whole, and deadens every Part.
Guiltleſs he Wretch! who blind to Wiſdoms Charms,
Knows not her Beauties, while he flies her Arms:
Immers'd ſo deeply in a Sea of Vice,
No Bubble ſpeaks an Effort for his Riſe.

O *Jove*, when cruel Crimes of deepeſt Dye,
The Crimes of monſter Kings, for Juſtice cry;

And thou, great Father of the Gods! ſhalt ſtand
Eager to ſtretch thy Thunder-darting Hand;
Yet ſtay—this Vengeance let the Wretches meet,
This Vengeance rather, as the more complete:
'Let them behold that Virtue they forſook,
'And pine away, repentant, while they look.'

The brazen Bull with flaming Tortures ſtor'd,
How exquiſite a Pain!—The pointed Sword
(From gilded Cielings, by a ſingle Thread,
Impending o'er the purpled Flatterer's Head)
How ſore a Suffering! how immenſely ſore!
And yet there is, who ſuffers hourly more.
'Tis he, the Wretch whom inward Pangs controul,
And wring this ſad Reflection from his Soul:
I go, I go! alas, beyond Recall,
Down, down the headlong Steep of Vice I fall!
Pale ſhews his Cheek, while ſmothering in his Breaſt
Lurks the dark Secret, not to be expreſt:

Ver. 97. *Brazen Bull—pointed Sword*] The firſt of theſe two Stories, is related at large, in *Lucian's Phalaris*: the ſecond, in *Cicero's Tuſculan Diſputations*, V. 21.

There

There must it lurk, there gall his wretched Life;
Not be imparted to his bosom Wife.

Whilst yet a tender Stripling, I, 'tis true,
Play'd then my silly Pranks, as well as you.
Oft my poor Eyes, with Oil would I besmear,
And thus contract an artificial Blear.
Else, with big Patriot Words and solemn State,
Must I have mimick'd dying *Cato*'s Fate.
A Task, my pedant Master's fustian Ear
With huge Applauses had been sure to hear.
Nor had my Father fail'd his Praise to join,
Thro' perfect Rapture sweating at each Line.
His Friends inviting, to partake his Joy,
And mark the hopeful Progress of his Boy.

For fitting to my Age, was then my Bliss,
And all my poor Ambition, only this:
To know what Stakes the lucky *Sice* would win,
And what th' unlucky *Ace* would lose agen;
To watch my Fellows with observant Eye,
While from the tapering Box they troll'd the Dye;

And ſee no Lad more dextrous ſhould advance,
To teach the boxen Top it's circling Dance.

But *thy* maturer, more inſtructed Days,
Know to diſtinguiſh Error's crooked Ways:
Experienc'd know, what wiſe, what wholſome Truths,
The *Porch* delivers to the liſtening Youths:
That learned *Porch*, whoſe ſtoried Walls expreſs
The *Grecian*'s Joy, the trowzer'd *Mede*'s Diſtreſs.
There, ſhorn Diſciples ſtudious Vigils keep;
And Wiſdom's midnight Page prefer to ſleep:
With humble Huſks of Peaſe and Beans are fed,
And taſte no richer Luxury, than Bread.

There, has the *Samian* Y's inſtructive Make,
Pointed the Road, thy doubtful Foot ſhould take:

There,

Ver. 135. *That learned* Porch, *&c.*] On the Walls of the *Portico*, where the *Stoics* taught their Philoſophy, was painted the Victory which the *Athenians* obtained, at *Marathon*, over the *Medes* and *Perſians*. The *Medes* were drawn habited in a kind of *Trowſes*; a part of Dreſs, peculiar to their Country.

Ver. 141. *There has the* Samian Y.] *Pythagoras*, a Native of the Iſland *Samos*, conſidered the forked

Top

There, warn'd thy raw and yet unpractis'd Youth,
To tread the rising, right-hand Path of Truth.

And art thou still, as Day succeeds to Day,
Art thou still, drinking, dreaming Life away?
Regardless still, of Reason's soberer Law,
Nods thy loose Head, and gapes thy yawning Jaw?

Say, hast thou fix'd some certain Mark of View?
This, do thy level'd Shafts alone pursue?
Or vagrant follow'st thou, with pelting Clay,
Each random Crow that fortunes in thy Way?
Does thy Life one determin'd Scope avow,
Or looks thy Thought no farther than the *now*?

When Dropsies, once, have fix'd their watery Reign,
The swelling Patients fruitlesly complain,
And call for Help, and Hellebore, in vain.

Top of this Letter, as an apt Emblem of the two Paths of Virtue and Vice. The left Side, being broad, characters *Vice*; to which the Ascent is wide and easie: the right Side represents *Virtue*; to which the Passage is strait and difficult. *Dryden.*

Warn'd hence, be wiſe: and, to the *coming Ill*,
Oppoſe the Doctor's nice, preventive Skill:
Elſe, may you late, too late, for Health apply,
When *Craterus* cannot give, nor Millions buy.

Attend then, wretched Youth! in Time attend,
To every natural Cauſe, and moral End.
Look into Man, with philoſophic Eye:
Conſider *what* we are, conſider *why*.
The Race of Life, contemplate: how to ſtart,
And how to turn the Goal, with niceſt Art.
Learn, to what Limits Wealth ſhould be confin'd;
Learn, to what Uſes 'twas by Heav'n aſſign'd.
Reflect, what Prayers with Reaſon we may frame;
What Debts our Friends, our Parents, Country, claim.
Know, we are poſted here, by Power divine;
And think what Poſt, that Power has deſtin'd thine.

Theſe Points learn thou, and once enrich'd with theſe,
Grudge the greas'd Advocate, no more, his Fees.

What

What tho' thou ſee'ſt his glutted Larders fraught
With numerous Bribes, by rich *Defendants* brought?
See'ſt Jars on Jars ſo plentifully pil'd,
That e'er one Half are us'd, one Half are ſpoil'd?
What tho' thou ſee, ſee likewiſe, *Plaintiff*-Throngs
Hire, with refreſhing Fee, the venal Lungs?
Envy not thou the Knave his Knavery's Price;
Envy not thou, his Gammons or his Spice:
No, nor his Caggs of Sturgeon; ſent ſo faſt,
A freſh one comes while unconſum'd the laſt.

But here methinks, ſome rammiſh Captain cries;
'This very Wiſdom, know Sir, I deſpiſe.
'My Scull, unfurniſh'd with this trumpery Stuff,
'Serves all my Purpoſes — and that's enough.
'Who'd wear a Scholard's gloomy grievous Face?
'A *Solan*-Phyz? — not I — confound the Race!
'Dull Rogues, who hang the heavy Head awry,
'And fix on Earth the ſteady, ſtupid Eye.

'Balancing Words, mean-time, the Students ſtand;
'The Brow, contract; the critic Lip, expand.
'Then with a growling, ruſty, rumbling Note,
'Mutter forſooth! and Gibberiſh in the Throat.
'Some old ſick Dotard's dark diſorder'd Dream,
'Their conſtant Subject, their eternal Theme.
'*Nothing* (cry they) *from nothing can ariſe:*
'*Nothing return to nothing.*—wondrous wiſe!
'No marvel if, ſuch Jewel-truths to find,
'They grow with faſting, pale; with reading, blind!'

He ends: the Audience, all, approve the Jeſt;
But Tranſport ſwells each *Soldier*'s brawny Breaſt.
On each Bold Noſe, a wrinkling Sneer is found;
And quavering Laughter echoes loud around.

Let *them* laugh on: here *thou* what I adviſe;
And let another's Folly make thee wiſe.

A Patient once with Malady oppreſs'd,
His honeſt, grave Phyſician thus addreſs'd:

'Doctor,

'Doctor, with Speed, exert your healing Art:
'I feel a ſtrange odd Fluttering, here, at Heart:
'My Throat is parch'd; offenſive is my Breath;
'And Eructations—plague me quite to Death.
'Pray, feel my Pulſe, conſider well my Face,
'And ſay what Remedy befits my Caſe.'
Your feveriſh Caſe calls, inſtant, for Repoſe.
Inſtant, to Bed the feveriſh Patient goes.
Well, the third Day beheld, in every Vein,
Life's troubled Current once compos'd again.
But now, alas! he ſends a jolly Jug,
(No ſickly Noggin, but a mighty Mug)
To ſome rich Friend, with this attendant Line;
'Pray fill it, with your beſt *Surrentin* Wine.'
Then to the *Baths*, with thoughtleſs Speed, repairs;
And thither too, this fatal Potion bears.
Good Sir, go home: let my Advice prevail:
What, you abroad! and look ſo wondrous pale?
'So wondrous pale!—pho, canting, quackery Stuff:
'This, Man! is nothing—I am well enough.'

Be rul'd, I beg; or elſe ev'n this, I fear,
Nothing as 'tis, may chance to coſt you dear.
Why, don't I ſee, as now it heaves within,
A ſtealing Dropſy, bloat your ſallow Skin?
'Talk'ſt thou of ſallow Skins? go, mind thy own;
'And let my Tutor's Province, pray, alone:
'Him I laid long ago, amongſt the Dead;
'And ſhall lay thee.' *Sir, uſe your Mind — I've ſaid.*

Behold then, undiſmay'd by threatned Ill,
Spite of all ſaving Counſel, bathe he will:
Tho' his pale Belly, pampering Dainties bloat;
And noiſom Fumes riſe lingering from his Throat.

But, lo, *the ſteaming Draught* compleats the Caſe!
Lo, ſudden Tremors every Nerve unbrace!

Ver. 242. *Tho' his pale Belly*, &c.] The general Cuſtom was, to bathe before Meals: but riotous Gluttons bathed alſo after Meals, in order to procure ſudden Digeſtion; inſtead of which, they were ſometimes viſited with ſudden Death. *Juv. Sat.* I. V. 143. they drank plentiful *Draughts of hot Wine*, to promote Perſpiration.

Down from his Hand the tumbling Goblet goes:
Diſtended Gums his chattering Teeth diſcloſe:
From his lax Lips, in iſſuing Currents join,
The unctuous Viand, and *Surrentin* Wine!

See now the Trumpets and the Torches!—ſee
Our Spark laid out in ſad Solemnity!
Stretch'd on the Bier, bedawb'd with Unguents o'er,
With his ſtiff Heels lie pointed to the Door!
Romans of Yeſterday, their Shoulders lend;
Convey him to the *Pile* — and there's an End.

Ver. 252. *Stretched on the Bier*, &c.] It was the Practice among the *Romans* to lay the dead Body in the Porch of their Houſes, near the Threſhold; that Paſſengers might inſpect it, and be ſatisfied whether there were any Signs of a violent Death. For the Benefit of a clearer View the Corps was ſet in the Poſition here mentioned, the Feet towards the Door. This Way of placing the Dead was likewiſe in Uſe among the *Greeks*. *Hom. Il.* XIX. *V.* 212.

The Word *Porta*, properly ſpeaking, implies the Gate of a *City*: but in this Paſſage of *Perſius* (and no where elſe that I remember, ſays *Caſaubon*) it is uſed to denote the Gate of a *Houſe*.

Ver. 254. *Romans* of Yeſterday;] That is to ſay, his Slaves, who had their Freedom given them, at his Death.

'Well:

'Well: how to *me*, pertains this Tale ſo ſmart?
'Apply your Finger to my Pulſe, or Heart:
'Nor Heart, nor Pulſe, betray unwonted Heat.
'—Here then, examine next, theſe Hands, theſe Feet.
'Miſtaken Man! they too the ſame will tell:
'Both, Feet and Hands, confeſs that I am well.'

But, ſhould ſome Miſer's glittering Hoard of Gold,
It's ſudden Beauties to thy Sight unfold;
Or, ſhould thy Neighbour's lovelier *Fair* advance,
Leering a ſoft, a melting, meaning, Glance;
Then, would thy Pulſe beat regularly ſlow?
Then, would thy Heart theſe equal Meaſures know?

Make a freſh Trial: lo, before you ſpread
Cold o'ergrown Potherbs, and harſh branny Bread!
—Well, Sir, how ſuits the Diet!—gracious Powers!
What, does it gall that Lady-mouth of ours?

This Minute, ſee! with pale Affright you ſtare;
Shivering each Limb, and briſtling every Hair!

The

The next, how chang'd! now, boils your Blood with Ire;
Now, flaſh your Eye-balls with inceſſant Fire.
From every Act you do, or Word you add,
Ev'n mad *Oreſtes'* ſelf would ſwear you mad.

The End of the Third SATIRE.

SATIRA TERTIA.

NEmpè hæc aſſidue! Jam clarum Mane Feneſtras
Intrat, et anguſtas extendit Lumine Rimas.
Stertimus, indomitum quod deſpumare Falernum
Sufficiat, quinta dum Linea tangitur Umbrâ.
En, quid agis? ſiccas inſana Canicula Meſſes
Jamdudum coquit, & patula Pecus omne ſub Ulmo eſt.

Unus ait Comitum, 'Verumne? Itane? Ocius adſit
Huc aliquis. Nemon'?' Turgeſcit vitrea Bilis:
Finditur, Arcadiæ Pecuaria rudere credas.

Jam liber, et bicolor poſitis Membrana Capillis,
Inque Manus Chartæ, nodoſaque venit Arundo.
Tum querimur, craſſus Calamo quòd pendeat Humor;

Nigra

Nigra quòd infusa vanescat Sepia Lymphâ:
Dilutas, querimur, geminet quòd Fistula Guttas.

O Miser, inque Dies ultrà Miser! Huccine Rerum
Venimus? At cur non potius, teneroque Columbo
Et similis Regum Pueris, Pappare minutum
Poscis; et iratus Mammæ, Lallare recusas?

'*An tali studeam Calamo?*' Cui Verba? Quid istas
Succinis Ambages? Tibi luditur: effluis amens,
Contemnere. Sonat Vitium percussa, malignè
Respondet, viridi non cocta Fidelia Limo.
Udum et molle Lutum es; nunc, nunc properandus, et acri
Fingendus sine Fine Rota. Sed Rure paterno,
Est Tibi Far modicum; purum, et sine Labe, Salinum.
Quid metuas? Cultrixque Foci secura Patella est.
Hoc satis? An decent Pulmonem rumpere Ventis,
Stemmate quòd Tusco Ramum millesime ducis?

Censoremne tuum vel quòd trabeate salutas?
Ad Populum Phaleras: Ego te intus, et in Cute, novi.
Non pudet, ad Morem discincti vivere *Natæ*?
Sed stupet Hic Vitio; et Fibris increvit opimum
Pingue: caret Culpa: nescit quid perdat: et alto
Demersus, summa rursus non bullit in Undâ.

Magne pater Divûm, sævos punire Tyrannos
Haud alia Ratione velis, cum dira Libido
Moverit Ingenium, ferventi tincta Veneno:
'Virtutem videant, intabescantque relicta.'
Anne magis *Siculi* gemuerunt Æra Juvenci,
Et magis, auratis pendens Laquearibus, Ensis
Purpureas subter Cervices terruit, 'Imus,
'Imus præcipites,' quàm si sibi dicat, 'et intus
Palleat infelix, quod proxima nesciat Uxor?'

Sæpè Oculos, memini, tangebam parvus Olivo,
Grandia si nollem morituri Verba *Catonis*
Discere,

Dicere, non ſano multum laudanda Magiſtro;
Quæ Pater adductis ſudans audiret Amicis.
Jute; etenim id ſummum, quid dexter Senio ferret,
Scire erat in Voto; damnoſa Canicula quantum
Raderet; anguſta Collo non fallier Orcæ;
Neu quis callidior Buxum torquere Flagello.
Haud Tibi inexpertum, curvos deprendere Mores;
Quæque docet ſapiens, braccatis illita *Medis*,
Porticus; inſomnis quibus et deronſa Juventus
Invigilat, Siliquis et grandi paſta Polentâ.
Et Tibi, quæ *Samios* deduxit Littera Ramos,
Surgentem dextro monſtravit Limite Callem.
Stertis adhuc? laxumque Caput, Compage ſolutâ,
Oſcitat heſternum, diſſutis undique Malis?
Eſt aliquid quò tendis, et in quod dirigis Arcum?
An paſſim ſequeris Corvos Teſtaque Lutoque,
Securus quò Pes ferat, atque ex Tempore vivis?

Helleborum fruſtrà, cum jam Cutis ægra tumebit,
Poſcentes videas. Venienti ocurrite Morbo;
Et quid Opus *Crateræ* magnos promittere Montes?
Diſcite, ô Miſeri! et Cauſas cognoſcite Rerum:
Quid ſumus; et quidnam victuri gignimur: Ordo
Quis datus: et Metæ quâ mollis Flexus, et undæ.
Quis Modus Argento: quid fas optare: quid aſper
Utile Nummus habet: Patriæ, carisque Propinquis,
Quantum elargiri deceat: Quem Te Deus eſſe
Juſſit; et humana quâ Parte locatus es in Re.
Diſce: nec invideas, quòd multa Fidelia putet
In locuplete Penu, defenſis pinguibus *Umbris*;
Et Piper, et Pernæ, *Marſi* Monumenta Clientis:
Mænaque quòd prima nondum defecerit Orcâ.

Hic aliquis de Gente hircoſa Centurionum,
Dicat; " Quod ſapio, ſatis eſt Mihi: Non ego curo
" Eſſe quod *Arceſilas*, ærumnoſique *Solones*,
" Obſtipo Capite, & figentes Lumine Terram;
" Murmura cum ſecum, et rabioſa Silentia rodunt,

Atque

" Atque exporrecto trutinantur Verba Labello,
" Ægroti veteris meditantes Somnia: *gigni*
" *De Nihilo Nihilum, in Nihilum Nil posse reverti.*
" Hoc est, quod palles! cur quis non prandeat, hoc
est!"

His Populus ridet; multumque torosa Juventus
Ingeminat tremulos, Naso crispante, Cachinnos.

Inspice; nescio quid trepidat Mihi pectus; et ægris
Faucibus, exsuperat gravis Halitus; inspice sodes,
Qui dicit Medico; jussus requiescere, postquam
Tertia compositas vidit Nox currere Venas,
De majore Domo, modicè sitiente Lagenâ,
Lenia loturo sibi *Surrentina* rogavit.
" Heus bone, Tu palles." Nihil est. " Videas tamen istud,
" Quicquid id est: surgit tacitè Tibi lutea Pellis."
At tu deteriùs palles; ne sis Mihi Tutor;
Jampridem Hunc sepeli: Tu restas. " Perge, tacebo."

Turgidus Hic Epulis, atque albo Ventre, lavatur;
Gutture ſulphureas lentè exhalante Mephites.
Sed Tremor inter Vina ſubit, calidumque Trientem
Excutit e Manibus: Dentes crepuere retecti;
Uncta cadunt laxis tunc Pulmentaria Labris:
Hinc Tuba, Candelæ. Tandemque beatulus alto
Compoſitus Lecto, craſſiſque lutatus Amomis,
In Portam rigidos Calces extendit. At illum
Heſterni Capite induto ſubiere Quirites.

Tange, Miſer, Venas; et pone in pectore Dextram:
Nil calet hìc. Summoſque Pedes attinge, Manuſque:
Non frigent——Viſa eſt ſi fortè Pecunia, ſive
Candida Vicini ſubriſit molle Puella;
Cor Tibi ritè ſalit? Poſitum eſt, algente Catino,
Durum Olus; & Populi Cribro decuſſa Farina:
Tentemus Fauces. Tenero latet Ulcus in Ore
Putre, quod haud deceat plebeia radere Betâ.

Alges,

Alges, cum excuſſit Membris Timor albus Ariſ-
tas:

Nunc, Face ſuppoſita, ferveſcit Sanguis, & Irâ
Scintillant Oculi: dicisque, faciſque, quod ipſe
Non ſani eſſe Hominis, non ſanus juret *Oreſtes.*

Finis TERTIÆ SATIRÆ.

THE FOURTH SATIRE OF *PERSIUS.*

The ARGUMENT.

PLATO, *in one of his Dialogues, introduces* Socrates *holding a Converſation with* Alcibiades, *and reproving that young* Athenian *for meddling ſo early with State-Affairs.* Alcibiades *was then quite young and unexperienced; but being of a Temper very vain and ambitious, and preſuming upon his Birth, his Fortune, and the great Authority of his Guardian and Relation,* Pericles, *he looked,*

upon

upon himſelf, even at that time, as equal to the moſt important Undertakings.

THIS *Dialogue of* Plato's, Perſius *has in ſome Meaſure tranſlated: but what the Philoſopher relates as paſſing there between* Alcibiades *and* Socrates, *the Poet would have us apply here to* Nero *and (his Tutor)* Seneca.

AT *the time this Satire was wrote,* Nero *had not entirely thrown off his Maſk; but, whatever Debaucheries he might practiſe in ſecret, to the public he ſtill continued to perſonate a Character of ſome remaining Virtues. It is for this reaſon, we find* Perſius *aſſuring him, that no Man's Actions can ever be ſo concealed, but that the World, ſome way or other, will come at the Knowledge of them. The Compliments of your Flatterers (ſays he) will avail you but little: whatever Perfections* they *may pleaſe to allow you, the reſt of Mankind, and your own Conſcience, will not fail to preſent you with a very different Account.*

'TWAS thus, of old, the bearded awful Sage
(He, the fam'd Victim of *Athenian* Rage,

Whom

Whom Hemlock's fatal Juice from Life remov'd)
Addreſs'd th' aſpiring, forward Youth he lov'd:

You then, preſume to guide Affairs of State,
And load your Shoulders with a Nation's Weight.
What bleſt Attainments, I would humbly aſk,
Equal my Stripling to this arduous Taſk?
Reſolve me, you; you, born forſooth, to ſhare
The mighty *Pericles'* inſtructive Care!

No Marks of Manhood, on your Chin we find;
But, doubtleſs, many muſt adorn your Mind.
Bleſs me, ſo young, and ſo experienc'd too!
What Wonders meet, conſummate Sir, in *you!*

Ver 3. *Whom Hemlock's fatal Juice*] The Manner of putting State-Criminals to Death at *Athens*, was by poiſoning them with a Liquor expreſſed from the *Cicuta*; a cold venomous Plant, to which our Hemlock is ſuppoſed to bear ſome Affinity. *Socrates*, having fallen under the People's Diſpleaſure, for explaining himſelf too freely upon ſome of their groſs Errors, was condemned to drink this deadly Draught.

You know, before, on every various Head,
What ſhould be ſunk in Silence, what be ſaid!

Behold, Sedition thro' the People reigns;
Bile rolls impetuous thro' their burning Veins!
Oh for a Man, their Madneſs to aſſuage,
And with mild Reaſon, ſtill their clamorous Rage!

Eager to ſpeak, and forward to command,
Lo *you* ariſe! and wave the ſolemn Hand.
Silence ſucceeds—eaſe now that labouring Breaſt:
Now ſay, what Counſel ſwells to be expreſt?

I think my Countrymen! I think, in This
Ye act unjuſtly, and in That, amiſs.
Would ye behave as Reaſon's Rules require?
Go, to your proper Homes, in Peace retire.

For, with nice Hand, the Balance *you* ſuſtain,
And weigh out Juſtice, to a ſingle Grain;

Perceive

Perceive which Side is deſtin'd to prevail,
While, as yet doubtful, nods the wavering Scale!
You, if a Line the leaſt from Straitneſs ſwerve,
See it, at once, deflecting to a Curve!
Or, if the Compaſs ſhould incline awry,
Soon *you* diſcern it, with ſagacious Eye.
You trace the Knave, thro' all his doubling Tricks;
Then, to his Name, the fatal Letter fix!

Ah, leave, young Stateſman! leave ſuch weighty Cares,
Till Judgment ripen with maturer Years.
For what avails a varniſh'd outward Skin,
If an untutor'd Mind remains within?
Why to the Crowd, why then this earneſt Suit,
The fawning Cringe, and popular Salute?

Ver. 38. *The fatal Letter*] The *Athenian* Judges prefixed to the Names of ſuch Criminals as they ſentenced to Execution, the Letter *Theta*: i. e. the firſt Letter of the Word which, in the Greek Language, ſignified *Death*.

Let

Let *each Anticyra*, firſt purge thy Brain;
A Taſk, *one* Iſland would attempt in vain.

For tell me, pray, reſolve me only this;
'What makes the Sum of ſublunary Bliſs?'
Good Cheer, no doubt; delicious daily Treats;
Soft Pleaſures, ſuppling Oils, and ſunny Heats.

That cripled Beldame, who comes hobling by,
If aſk'd the like, would give the like Reply;
The ſame her Thoughts, her Appetites the ſame:
Go now, go Wretch! thy uſual Vaunts proclaim!
'*I ſpring of noble Race; ſee here, in me,*
'*The great Dinomache's Deſcendant ſee!*
'*I too have Beauty.*'—That we all confeſs,
But as for Wiſdom, *Baucis* has not leſs,

Ver. 45. *Anticyræ*] Theſe were two Iſlands, famous for producing *Hellebore*. See Note on Sat. I. V. 116.

Ver. 50. *Sunny Heats.*] They uſed to anoint their Bodies, and then baſk in the Sun, to make their Pores imbibe the Oil.

Old goody *Baucis*, who, in tatter'd Gown,
Screams out her Herbs to every Slave in Town.

Into themſelves, how few, how few, deſcend;
And act, at home, the free impartial Friend!
None ſee their own, but all, with ready Eye,
The pendant Wallet on a Neighbour ſpy:
All too, with ready Tongue, recount his Shame,
And tack his every Error to his Name.

Should I but aſk (for Inſtance) '*Have you ſeen*
'*The Farms of one Vectidius?*' — Whom d'you mean?
'*Why, the rich* Sabine, *whoſe Extent of Ground*
'*Would tire the wheeling Kite to meaſure round.*
'Oh, mean you Him! of Heaven and Earth the Scorn,
'With angry Gods, and adverſe Genius born;
'Who (even then, when Steers reſign the Yoke,
'And Ploughs hang uſeleſs on the Croſs-way Oak)

'O'er

'O'er his poor mouldy Jar a Niggard ſtands,
'And opes it's pitchy Vent, with bogling Hands?
'*Ye Gods*, (groans he) *ye Powers, propitious grant*
'*This Day's Profuſion may not end in Want!*
'Then on a ſalted Onion makes his Meal;
'Spares not a Coat, but munches e'en the Peel:
'Nay guzzles (to digeſt this luſcious Cheer)
'Dead, acid, mothery Lees, for wholſome Beer.
'His Clowns, mean-time, a barley Pudding treats,
'And makes each Bumpkin chuckle as he eats.'

Thus on *Veſtidius'* Life, doſt thou enlarge;
There is, who thine ſhall full as freely charge.
Yes, if thou paſs effeminate away,
In Oils and Sunſhine, all the ſlothful Day,
Some one there is (unknown, unthought of) nigh,
Prompt to retort th' unwelcome harſh Reply:
He then, indignant, ſhall thy Crimes recite,
And drag each lewder Action forth to Light.

Tell with what Pains you keep the Member bare,
And from the *Cuſhion*, root each manly Hair:
That all the Town, their Pathic may approve,
Smooth'd and completed to the Taſte of Love.

'A Buſh of Beard (ſays he) with grizly Grace
'Comb'd and perfum'd, is *cheriſh'd* on thy Face;
'Why muſt thou then, more modeſt Parts deprave?
'Why ſtrip off that, which bounteous Nature gave?
'But take the Heroes of the *Circus* round,
'Not any five can clear the ſhrubbly Ground.
'Oils let them pour, with Pincers let them ſtrain,
'Yet ſhall Oils ſupple, Pincers tug, in vain:
'The Fern, deep-rooted, ſhoots o'er all the Soil,
'And mocks the Harrow's Teeth, and Ploughman's Toil.'

Thus in a Circle, Cenſure goes its Round:
We give alternate, and receive the Wound:

Eſtabliſh'd Practice has ordain'd it thus,
We rail at others, others rail at us.

Say tho', the curious World in vain ſhould pry,
Say that thy Faults eſcape the ſharpeſt Eye;
Yet, can'ſt thou cheat the Cenſor in thy Breaſt?
No, Conſcience calls each Failure to the Teſt.
Thy rich broad Belt (it cries) may gild thy Sides,
But cannot cure the ſecret Sore it hides:
What tho' the blinded World pronounce thee ſound,
Will not thy Nerves reclaim that feel the Wound?

But lo, my Neighbours with one Voice agree,
Perfection's ſelf is center'd ſole in me!
What muſt I do? inſtruct me how to act:
Say, can I queſtion, what they ſwear is fact?

Wretch! if the Glimpſe of Gold alarm thy Breaſt,
While on thy Cheek pale Avarice ſits confeſt;
If thou purſueſt each Midnight lewd Deſign
That Luſt can dictate, Luſt inflam'd with Wine;
(Cautious a Guard of Bullies to provide,
Who back th' Abuſe, and hector at thy ſide)
If with thy Crimes, each ſacred Place be ſtain'd,
The *Forum*'s ſelf with Outrages prophan'd;
If ſuch thy Life, go, credit Fame no more,
Tho' Mobs applaud, tho' Multitudes adore:

Ver. 127. *Cautious a Guard*, &c.] *Nero* it ſeems was a kind of Mohock in his Diverſions; and committed numberleſs Indecencies, nay even Robberies and Cruelties, diſguiſed under the Habit of a Slave. Sometimes he met with a vigorous Oppoſition, and at laſt was ſoundly beaten: for which Reaſon, he went afterwards attended with a parcel of Gladiators. *Caſaubon* obſerves that it is to this *Perſius* here alludes, *Si Puteal multâ* &c. but the Poet (ſays he) deſignedly left the Words capable of another Conſtruction; to the End that if he ſhould be accuſed of glancing at the Emperor, by Means of this Ambiguity he might elude the Charge.

No more to flattering Crowds thy Ear incline,
Eager to drink the Praiſe, which is not thine.

Applauſe unmerited, ſhould move Diſdain;
Give it the cobling Donors, back again.
To know thyſelf, *Abroad* no longer roam;
Compute thy Worth, from what thou find'ſt at *Home*.

The End of the Fourth SATIRE.

SATIRA QUARTA.

REM Populi tractas? *(Barbatum hæc crede Magiſtrum*
Dicere, Sorbitio tollit quem dira Cicutæ.)
Quo fretus? dic hoc, magni Pupille *Pericli.*
Scilicet Ingenium, et Rerum Prudentia velox,
Ante Pilos venit; dicenda, tacendaque, calles!
Ergo, ubi commota fervet Plebecula Bile,
Fert animus calidæ feciſſe Silentia Turbæ,
Majeſtate Manûs. Quid deinde loquere?—'Quirites,
'Hoc, puto, non juſtum eſt; Illud malè; rectius iſtud.'
Scis etenim juſtum gemina ſuſpendere Lance
Ancipitis Libræ: Rectum diſcernis, ubi inter

Curva

Curva ſubit; vel cum fallit Pede Regula varo:
Et potis es nigrum Vitio præfigere Theta.

Quin tu, igitur, ſumma nequicquam Pelle decorus,
Ante Diem blando Caudam jactare Popello
Deſinis, *Anticyras* melior ſorbere meracas?
Quæ Tibi Summa Boni eſt?—'uncta vixiſſe Patellâ
'Semper, & aſſiduo curata Cuticula Sole.'
Expecta; haud aliud reſpondeat hæc Anus. I nunc,
Dinomaches Ego ſum, ſuffla, ſum candidus. Eſto,
Dum ne deterius ſapiat pannucia *Baucis*,
Cum benè diſcincto cantaverit Ocyma Vernæ.
Ut Nemo in ſeſe tentat deſcendere! Nemo:
Sed præcedenti ſpectatur Mantica Tergo.
Quæſierim, 'noſtin' Vectidi Prædia?' *Cujus?*
'Dives arat Curibus quantum non Milvus aberret.'
Hunc ais? hunc, Diis iratis Genioque ſiniſtro:
Qui quandoque Jugum pertuſa ad Compita figit,

Seriolæ

Seriolæ veterem metuens deradere Limum,
Ingemit, hoc bene ſit; tunicatum cum Sale mordens
Cæpe: & farrata Pueris plaudentibus Ollâ,
Pannoſam Fæcem mortentis ſorbet Aceti?

At ſi unctus ceſſes, et figas in Cute ſolem,
Eſt prope Te ignotus, Cubito qui tangat, & acre
Deſpuat in Mores; Penemque Arcanaque Lumbi
Runcantem; populo marcentes pandere Vulvas.
Tu cum Maxillis balanatum Gauſape pectas,
Inguinibus quare detonſus Gurgulio extat?
Quinque Palæſtritæ licet hæc Plantaria vellant,
Elixaſque Nates labefactent Forcipe aduncâ,
Non tamen iſta Filix ullo manſueſcit Aratro.

Cædimus, inque Vicem præbemus Crura ſagittis:
Vivitur hoc Pacto: Sic novimus. Ilia ſubter,
Cæcum Vulnus habes; ſed lato Balteus Auro
Prætegit: ut mavis, da Verba, et decipe Nervos,
Si potes. 'Egregium cum Me Vicinia dicat,
Non credam?' viſo ſi palles, improbe, Nummo;

Si

Si facis, in Penem quicquid Tibi venit amarum;
Si puteal multa cautus Vibice flagellas;
Nequicquam Populo bibulas donaveris Aures.
Reſpue quod non es: tollat ſua munera Cerdo:
Tecum habita, et noris quam ſit Tibi curta Supellex.

Finis QUARTÆ SATIRÆ.

THE

THE FIFTH SATIRE OF *PERSIUS.*

The ARGUMENT.

THIS Satire is confeſſedly the moſt valuable of all the Six. Perſius, *in the firſt part of it, expatiates in the Praiſes of* Annæus Cornutus, *a famous* Stoic, *who had been his Preceptor in Philoſophy; and, in that Station, had deſerved, from his Scholar, not only the higheſt Acknowledgments, but the tendereſt Affection. He then exhorts others likewiſe, to purſue the ſame Methods himſelf had done; that ſo they might attain to* true *Wiſdom, and by that Means arrive at* real *Freedom. For with the* Stoics *it was a Maxim,*

Maxim, that ‘ *all Men but the* Wiſe *were actually* ‘ *Slaves.*’ *This Point* Perſius *maintains to the End of the Satire, againſt an Opponent, who, having received his Freedom at the Hands of the* Prætor, *would, therefore, needs inſiſt that he was now a Slave no longer. A Conſequence, which the Author will by no Means allow him: for where is the Difference (ſays he) whether you remain in Subjection to the Commands of a Maſter, or to the Tyranny of a Paſſion? What avails it, your having got rid of* one *Lord, if you ſtill continue a Slave to* twenty? *Namely, to* Ambition, *to* Avarice, *to* Luxury, *to* Superſtition, *&c.*

Perſius. ‘ *O for a hundred Pair of brazen Lungs!*

‘ *O for a hundred Mouths, a hundred*

‘ *Tongues*’

’Tis thus our Bards, whate’er high Theme they
chuſe,
By Cuſtom taught, addreſs the favourite Muſe:
Whether ſome boiſtrous, buſkin’d Plot they form,
To rend the Actor’s Throat with *tragic* Storm;

Or elſe, in *Epic*, ſing the *Parthian*'s Smart,
Extracting from his Groin the *Roman* Dart.
The ſame *my* Wiſh——

Cornutus.——Thine too, my *Perſius!* thine?
With all theſe Voices, what canſt *thou* deſign?
What huge Heroics, in thy Boſom pent,
Demand a hundred Throats, to give them vent?
To Bards alone of fuſtian Race, belong
Theſe Fogs of *Helicon*, theſe Flights of Song:
Bards! who, to frighted Theatres, reveal
The tragic Horrors of *Thyeſtes*' Meal;
Or know to cook fam'd *Progne*'s bloody Treat;
Where witleſs *Glycon*, oft and oft, muſt eat.

Their labouring Lungs, like heaving Bellows, ſtrain,
To ply that ever-working Forge, their Brain:

Ver. 16. &c. *Thyeſtes—Progne—Glycon.*] *Glycon* was ſome wretched Tragedian of thoſe Times, who acted the Parts of *Atreus* and *Thyeſtes*; and accordingly repreſented both of them as eating their own Children. That horrid Entertainment is ſaid to have been prepared for *Atreus*, by his Wife *Progne*.

With

* With inward Murmurs, croak *their* ſolemn Throats,
Hoarſe as the boding Raven's ruſty Notes:
Their very Cheeks, apt Emblems of their Mind;
Still big with Tempeſts of impriſon'd Wind.

But no Bombaſt deforms *thy* natural Line;
Mild and familiar, is each Word of thine.
A juſt Connexion ſmooths thy nervous Page;
No Madneſs there, no mouthing empty Rage.
With happy Skill, knows thy Satiric Hand
The pale Offender's guilty Front to brand:
Thy well-bred Raillery, gives wholeſome Smart;
And mends the Morals, while it ſhames the Heart.

Thy Talent this: this ſtill do thou profeſs;
The bloody *tragic* Feaſt, let others dreſs:
Thee, the plain Follies of a *common* Board,
Much better ſuit, much fitter Theme afford.

* See Sat. III. V. 197.

Perſ. With pompous Traſh to ſwell the frothy Line,
Is not indeed, my Friend! What I deſign.
No noiſy Nothing ſtudious to indite,
To thee, *Cornutus*, thee alone I write.
Fain would the Muſe lay open to thy Teſt,
Each latent Thought, each Winding of my Breaſt:
There, to thy ſtricteſt View, diſcloſe my Heart,
And there ſhew *thee*; it's dearer, better Part.

O prove me thou! attentive ring the Ware;
And, from the Sound, the Veſſel's Worth declare.
Thou! ſkill'd to ſeparate Truth, from baſe Pretence;
And Flattery's Guile, from Friendſhip's honeſt Senſe!

For this alone, this dear delightful Taſk,
A hundred Voices, I, preſumptuous, aſk:
To pour out all my Soul, and thus expreſs
Thee deeply rooted in it's laſt Receſs.
Lock'd in my Breaſt, muſt elſe the Truth remain;
A Truth, *one* Tongue can ne'er enough explain.

Scarce

Scarce had I quitted (free from infant Fears)
The *Purple*, Guardian of my tenderer Years;
Scarce, to my Patron *Image*, had I bore
The *Bulla*; pendant on myſelf, before;
(Privileg'd now, by Uſe of *manly Gown*,
To ranſack each lewd Corner of the Town;
Crowds of Aſſociates pointing out the Way,
Prompt to ſeduce me, Pleaſure's eaſy Prey)

Ver. 56, &c. The *Purple—Manly Gown—Bulla.*] The Habit worn by the younger Noblemen was edged about with a Border of *Purple*; an Ornament which had the Repute of being ſacred, and was therefore aſſigned to Children as a Sort of Preſervative. About the Age of 16 or 17 they laid aſide this Garment, and were inveſted with the *Manly Gown*. At the ſame Time they parted likewiſe with another Enſign of their Youth, called the *Bulla*. This was a ſmall golden Medal, in the Shape of a Heart, and was worn upon the left Side of the Breaſt. Now in every Family, they placed as many little Images about their Houſhold Gods, as there were Sons in the Houſe: And when the *Bulla* was left off by the Youth, it was hung about the Neck of his reſpective Image. Hence *Petronius*, Lares *bullatos* ſuprà Menſam poſuerunt.

Theſe *Bullæ* came afterwards to be hung to the Diplomas of Emperors and Popes; from whence they have the Name of *Bulls*. Dr. *Arbuth.* Tab.

Scarce, had I reach'd the ſlippery Point of Life,
Where Vice and Virtue wage a doubtful Strife;
Where Inexperience, flexile Youth betrays,
And leads it devious thro' her mazy Ways;
But lo, *Cornutus*, thy directing Hand
Sudden I ſought, I ſtoop'd to thy Command:
On thy *Socratic* Boſom, lay reclin'd;
While wholeſome Precepts form'd the liſtening Mind!
Thy Standard Rule, with nice Addreſs apply'd,
Corrected every Thought, that warp'd aſide.
My Soul, by Reaſon's Force convicted ſtood,
It's Errors ſaw, and ſtrove to be ſubdu'd.
Thy abler Skill, ſubmiſſive, it obey'd;
It took the Stamp thy forming Finger made.
With *thee* I, frequent, paſs'd the pleaſing Day,
* 'While Summer-ſuns roll unperceiv'd away:'
With *thee*, while frugal Feaſts prolong'd Delight,
It's earlier Hours I borrow'd from the Night.

* Mr. *Pope*'s Epiſtle to Mr. *Jervas*.

One

One were our Studies, and (thoſe Studies done)
As one our Labour, was our Leiſure one.
Whilſt inoffenſive, modeſt, Mirth's Allay,
Softened the Rigour of the ſerious Day.

Doubtleſs, at both our Births, one Planet roſe;
Such ſtrange Agreement both our Lives diſcloſe.
Haply, Fate bade the *Balance* then prevail;
Fate, weigh'd our Moments in that equal Scale.
Haply, the *Twins* our kindred Hearts incline;
The faithful *Twins*, an ever-friendly Sign!
Perchance, ſtern *Saturn* might th' Aſcendant ſway;
Stern *Saturn*, temper'd by *Jove*'s milder Ray.
At leaſt, ſome Star unknown, our Minds controuls;
Some Star, 'tis ſure, in Union knits our Souls.

Thro' all the Kind, thro' Nature's numerous Sons,
Look; and you ſee no *general* Impulſe runs:
A different Biaſs in each Breaſt you trace;
You find the Brain as various as the Face.

One the prevailing Luſt of Wealth obeys;
He, *Roman* Wars to *Eaſtern* Climes conveys:
From *Eaſtern* Climes, wafts wrinkled Pepper home;
And *Cummin*'s ſpicy Seeds imports to *Rome*.
Cummin! that gives, more frequently than Greek,
A learned *Paleneſs*, to the Student's Cheek.

Luxurious Eaſe, behold *another* chuſe!
Batt'ning lies he, in Slumber's balmy Dews.

103. *Cummin that gives* &c.] The Seeds of *Cummin*, if taken inwardly, were ſaid to be of extraordinary Virtue for cauſing *Paleneſs*: And (according to ſome of the Commentators) certainly are ſo. Inſomuch that, let a Lady (ſay they) after painting her Cheeks ever ſo *red*, ſwallow but a few Seeds of this Plant, and ſhe ſhall again become as *pale* as ſhe was before.

For this Purpoſe, it was uſed by the Ancients; eſpecially by ſuch Coxcombs as were deſirous of acquiring the Complexion, (in order to obtain the Reputation) of great Scholars. Thus *Pliny*, L. 20. C. 14. Veruntamen omne *Pallorem* bibentibus gignit. Ita certe ferunt *Porcii Latronis* clari inter Magiſtros dicendi, adſectatores, *Similitudinem coloris ſtudiis contracti imitatos*: and *Horace* Epiſt. 19. L. 1.

——— *quòd ſi*
Pallerem caſu, biberent exangue Cuminum.

The

The *Campus'* active Feats, a *Third* employ:
The Race, the Chariot, his ſupremeſt Joy.

This Spark, the frail conſuming Die devours;
While *That* diſſolves away in looſe Amours.

But ah, when jovial Health, at length, is flown,
And the Gout's chalky Knots cramp every Bone;
In every Limb, when crippling Tortures meet,
(Limbs! more like withered Boughs, than Hands and Feet)
How do the Wretches, then, too late lament
A Life in Darkneſs and in Error ſpent!
What dire Remorſe excruciates, then, the Mind,
Then, when they view that Virtue they declin'd!

Thou other far: *thee* wiſer Joys engage:
Thy faded Cheek hangs o'er the midnight Page.
'Tis thine, the Soil of youthful Minds to weed:
Firſt clear the Ground, then ſow the *Stoic* Seed.

To this, ye Young! to this, ye old, attend;
From *hence*, be drawn ſome fix'd determin'd End.
Hence, for your Voyage, needful Stores prepare;
So ſhall ye ſail thro' Life, unknown to Care.

'*This we deſign; but till to-morrow ſtay.*'
You'll act to-morrow, as you act to-day.

'*May not we then, ſo ſhort a Truce procure?*
'*One Day can make no mighty Difference, ſure.*'

Much you miſtake: this Day, ſome Hours ago,
Was ſtyl'd to-morrow; now no longer ſo.
A freſh to-morrow, every Day will riſe;
Till, in to-morrows, your Exiſtence flies.
Mark there, thoſe Chariot Wheels: how near they roll,
How near each other, on the ſelf-ſame *Pole!*
Yet join, they cannot—For, with even Speed,
The Wheels before, and Wheels behind, proceed.

The fooliſh Follower, thus *to-morrows* fly;
Ne'er to be over-taken, ever nigh.

Snatch then the *now*; incline the liſtening Ear
To *Stoic Leſſons*, while to-day is here.
Be Freedom thence, be thence *true* Freedom got:
That which your *Tribes* beſtow, avails ye not.
The Freedom *they* confer, each *Publius* too
(Each upſtart *Publius*) boaſts as well as you;
His Talley's Influence gives him to obtain,
As well as you, his Dole of ſcurvy Grain.
Oh, with what Madneſs muſt their Minds abound,
Who think a *Roman* made by turning round!

See

Ver. 150. A Roman made by *turning round.*] Mr. *Addiſon*, in his Dialogues, has taken Notice of the Beauty of this Paſſage:

'I cannot forbear (ſays *Cynthio*) repeating a Paſſage 'out of *Perſius*, that, in my Opinion, turns the Ce- 'remony of making a *Freeman* very handſomely into 'Ridicule. It ſeems the clapping a *Cap* on his Head, 'and giving him a *Turn* on the Heel, were neceſſary 'Circumſtances. A *Slave* thus qualified became a '*Citizen of Rome*, and was honoured with a *Name* 'more than belonged to any of his Fore-fathers.'

Beſides

See there that *Dama!* now, a worthleſs *Slave*,
Of knaviſh Muletiers the verieſt Knave!
Let but his Maſter one ſmall Twirl beſtow,
Plain *Dama*, ſtrait, ſhall MARCUS *Dama* grow.

Thou ſcrupulous Fool! afraid to lend thy Pelf!
Lo, the Security is Marcus' *ſelf!*

Marcus *ſits Judge: what, turn'ſt thou pale with Fears*
Of Wrong, when Marcus *on the Bench appears?*

Did Marcus *ſay 'twas Fact? then Fact it is:*
No Proof ſo valid, as a Word of his.

Beſides the *Cap* and the *Turn* on the Heel, there were ſome other Circumſtances required in the Ceremony of Manumiſſion, which are likewiſe alluded to in this Satire: as the Prætor's and Lictor's Wand, V. 176. The Prætor laying a Wand upon the Slave's Head, ſaid, *I will that this Man become free*; and then delivered the Wand out of his own Hand into the Lictor's, V. 362. Then the Name of the Perſon thus admitted to Freedom was inrolled in one of the *Tribes*, and himſelf preſented with a *Ticket* that intitled him to all public Doles and Donations. This explains the Lines juſt preceding.

A legal

A legal Witneſs, lo, theſe Wills demand!
MARCUS, *be pleas'd to ſet your Worſhip's Hand.*
A Sample here, of perfect Freedom, ſee:
Thanks to our *Caps*, they make us charming free!

Dama. Nay Sir, who elſe ſhould Freedom ſtyle his own,
But he who leads a Life control'd by none?
That Life lead I—your Judgment, now, declare;
Now ſay, can *Brutus'* ſelf with *me* compare?

Perſ. Hear, my good Friend! the *Stoic* Sage reply:
The *Stoic* Sage (whoſe ſharpen'd mental Eye
Diſcerns each Object in the cleareſt Light)
Thus plainly proves thy reaſoning is not right:
'Who leads (ſays he) a Life control'd by none,
'That Man, we grant, may Freedom ſtyle his own:
'But that *thou* lead'ſt a Life by none control'd,
'That we deny; that Logic will not hold.'

Da. Not hold! pray tell, what meant the *Prætor's*
Wand?
Why felt my Head his authorizing Hand?
Was not I thence, enabled to fulfil
Each varying Dictate of my Sovereign Will?
Provided always, that a decent Awe
Keeps me within the Bounds preſcrib'd by Law.

Per. Friend, to thy Error liſten: but compoſe
Thy Temper, firſt; ſmooth, firſt, thy ſneering Noſe:
Theſe old-Wives Tenets, will I ſoon refute,
And from thy Breaſt the *ancient Grannum* root.

Say then, this Freedom how didſt thou receive?
The *Prætor* give it! has it he to give?
Can he make Fools Life's nicer Duties know?
Can he the Freedom of the *Mind* beſtow?

Should he (ſuppoſe) to ſome rough Soldier ſay,
'Lo there the Harp! 'tis I ordain it, play:

'With

'With dextrous Skill, each ſweeteſt Note explore.'
Would not the Dolt ſtand artleſs as before?

Reaſon reclaims; her warning Accent hear:
'Tis thus ſhe whiſpers, to the ſecret Ear;
'Decline, fond Fools! your Enterprize decline,
'Unleſs your Talents ſecond your Deſign.'

The Laws of Man, and Nature too, command,
That what we practiſe, firſt we underſtand.
Should'ſt thou, or I, who never have been taught
To weigh the Powder, or to mix the Draught,
Preſcribe, at Random, *Hellebore* infus'd;
Would not Phyſicians deem their Art abus'd?

Or ſhould ſome thick-ſhod clumſey Clown, (who knows
No ſingle Star, of all the Hoſt that glows)
His Ploughman's Province wantonly diſdain,
And ruſh an artleſs Pilot o'er the Main;

Would not the Sea-gods with Surpriſe exclaim,
And think the Race of Mortals dead to Shame?

Impartial, next, thy own dear ſelf ſurvey;
By the ſame Rules, thy Claim to Freedom weigh.

Thee, has Philoſophy, ſage Miſtreſs! taught
The mighty Work, of living as we ought?
Know'ſt thou from Truth it's Semblance to diſjoin?
The gilded Counter, from the ſterling Coin.
Canſt thou diſcern, by Reaſon's piercing Eye,
What Things to follow, and what Things to fly?
Haſt thou to *theſe*, the Marks of Scorn aſſign'd?
To *thoſe*, the fairer Stamp of Honour join'd?
Exceed not thy Deſires their juſt Degree?
Holds the ſame humble Roof Content and Thee?
Do'ſt thou to Life's each ſocial Law attend?
Art thou a faithful, a well-natur'd Friend?
Liv'ſt thou, as varying Seaſons may demand,
Now with a cloſe, and now an open Hand?

Fixt

Fixt on the Ground, the glittering Money lies!
Canſt thou, untempted, paſs th' enſnaring Prize?
Canſt thou behold the Bait, yet not admire,
Nor with a watering Lip betray Deſire?

If thine, theſe Virtues thou canſt truly call,
Canſt fairly ſay, '*lo, I poſſeſs them all*;'
To grant thy Claim, ſhall *Prætors*, then, agree;
Nay *Jove* himſelf allow thee *wiſe* and *free*.

But if thy Manners, yet, no Change have known,
(Thine, which were, late, no better than my own)
If the ſame Outſide, if the ſame old Skin
Conceal the ſame old Vices, ſtill, within;
And while thy Face is gloſs'd with ſpecious Art,
The wily Fox lies lurking at thy Heart;

Ver. 227. *Fixt on the Ground*, &c.] Alluding to a Practice among roguiſh Boys, who uſed to faſten a Piece of counterfeit Money down to the Ground, and then laughed at the miſtaken Miſer, who, imagining it to be real, would ſtoop to take it up.
In Triviis fixum cum ſe dimittit ob aſſem. *Horat.*

Then, back I draw the Length of Chain I gave,
And once again pronounce thee *Fool* and *Slave*.
Go, Sot! the ſmalleſt Action, go, eſſay;
The ſmalleſt Action ſhall thy Wants betray.
Yes, unleſs Reaſon be thy conſtant Rule,
Wag but a Finger, we deſcry the *Fool*.
Wiſdom and Folly, Nature's Laws divide:
Ne'er can a Grain of this, with that reſide.
Eternal Variance, Right and Wrong maintain;
To blend them, all thy Sacrifice were vain.
Can the rough Clown aſſume the Dancer's Grace?
Not in a ſingle Step——The ſame thy Caſe.

Dama. No, I am *free*. *Per.* Whence, whence do's it appear?
Thou *free*, o'er whom ſo many domineer?

Ver. 246. *Wag but a Finger.*] The *Stoics* maintained that in this Caſe there was no Medium; a Man muſt either be entirely wiſe, or entirely fooliſh. According to this Poſition, no one but *their wiſe Man*, was capable of performing as he ought, the moſt inconſiderable Action in Life; not even that of *moving a Finger*.

For

For Lords there are, there are, miſtaken Friend!
Whoſe Power, no manumitting Rod can end.

'Boy! (cries a Maſter) to the Baths repair:
'Away—begone,—and leave theſe Scrapers there:
'Fly, Loiterer, fly!—(adds he, in threatning Sounds)
'Fly, e'er the quickning Scourge thy Sides ſurrounds.'

Ay, this *(ſay you)* is Servitude indeed;
I own this Wretch a Slave; ſo far agreed.
But as to *me*, *me* no ſuch Motives urge;
I dread no Maſter's Threat, or Maſter's Scourge.

True; but thy Soul, thy ſubject Soul ſurvey:
There, there, alas! if inmate Tyrants ſway,
Are not thou, then, a Slave as arrant yet,
As he who dreads a Maſter's Scourge, and Threat?

Ver. 258. *Leave theſe Scrapers*] *Strigil* was an Inſtrument made uſe of by the *Greeks* and *Romans* to ſcrape their Bodies, when they bathed. It's Figure may be ſeen in Mr. *Holiday*'s Juvenal, p. 58.

* As late thou lieſt, and ſnor'ſt the Morn away,
Lo *Avarice* comes!—'*Up Sluggard, up I ſay.*'
I can't; I'm ſleepy. '*That's a ſorry Plea;*
'*Wake, for Shame, wake.*' No, wake who will for me.
'*Once again, riſe.*' Why? wherefore? ſay, what Taſk
Awaits me riſen?—*Ideot, canſt thou aſk?*
'*Go, croſs the Seas; ſweet Intereſt's Call obey:*
'*To diſtant Regions ſpeed thy gainful Way.*
'*Thy Bark with Fiſh, Flax, Caſtor, Incenſe,* ſtow;
'*Fetch* India's *Ebon, fetch rich Wines from* Co.
'*To eaſe the Camel's Back, be thou the firſt;*
'*And cull his Spices, while he pants with Thirſt.*
'*To make thy Markets, pawn thy Word, thy Oath:*
'*Then, to thy Profits, ſacrifice them both.*'

* This Paſſage of *Perſius* is imitated by Monſieur *Boileau* in his 8th Satire; and recommended by Mr. *Addiſon* in his 55th *Spectator*.

280. *The Camel's Back.*] The Camel is, in *Arabia*, a Beaſt of Burden that helps to carry off it's Spices. *Perſius* loads him with *Pepper*, becauſe the Animal and it's Cargo are both the Productions of the ſame Country. *Addiſ. Med.*

But

But *Jove* o'er-hears the Perjuries of Men—

'*Thou conſcientious, ſniveling Knave! what then?*

'*If thou canſt dream of keeping* Jove *thy Friend,*

'*Thy Fate I read — in Beggary 'twill end.*

'*Thy oft-lick'd Platter, ſoon th' Event will rue,*

'*Bor'd by thy hungry Finger, thro' and thro'.*

Well: to thy haſty Call, each Slave repairs,

Each Slave, on Board the needful Baggage bears:

While Winds and Waves ſwell eager to convey

The bulky Veſſel, o'er the watery Way.

In that nice Moment, who ſhould intervene,

But *Luxury?* ſeducive, ſubtle Queen.

'Madman! *(ſays ſhe,)* where headlong wouldſt thou run?

'What do'ſt thou ſeek? What is it thou wouldſt ſhun?

'To calm thy Breaſt, and cool thy frantic Brain,

'All *Hemlock*'s Juices might eſſay in vain.

'Bleſs

Ver. 299. The Juice of *Hemlock* was counted cool-

'ing;

'Bleſs me! ſhalt *thou*, ſo tender, ſo refin'd,
'Shalt *thou* go tempt the warring Wave and Wind?
'Shalt *thou* go dine on *Sailors'* filthy Fare?
'A twiſted Cable, be thy eaſieſt Chair?
'From Cans, where Pitch it's nauſeous Savour joins,
'Befits it *thee*, to guzzle beaſtly Wines?
'Say, what's thy Aim? What Motive bids thee roam?
'Thy Money bears fair Intereſt, here at Home.
'A modeſt five per Cent. thou haſt *at Eaſe*:
'To make it ten, ſhalt thou go combat Seas?
'No, ſafe on Land, indulge thy genial Power:
'The Sweets of Life for us, Boy! — hang the Sour.
'Long as it flows with *my* bland Influence bleſt,
'*Tis* Life indeed: bare Breathing all the reſt.
'Soon wilt thou glide a Ghoſt for Goſſip's Chat;
'Be Duſt, vile Duſt—think, Mortal! think on that.

ing; (See Sat. IV. Ver. 3.) inſomuch that the Prieſts of *Ceres Eleuſina* (under ſtrict Injunctions of Chaſtity) were accuſtomed to beſmear their Bodies therewith, as an effectual Abater of venereal Appetites. *Vet. Schol.*

'E'en

'E'en while I ſpeak, and this ſhort Counſel give,
'Grim Death advances—think on that, and *live*.'

Thus thwarting Tyrants rend thee different Ways:
Well, what reſolv'ſt thou? ſpeak, which is it ſways?
A doubtful Homage, thou to each muſt pay;
Now this, now that, alternately obey.

Nay, tho' thou ſhould'ſt their haughty Threats withſtand,
And bravely, *once*, oppoſe their high Command,
Yet triumph not: ſay not, 'my Bands are broke,
'And I, no more, go ſubject to the Yoke.'
Alas, the ſtruggling Dog breaks looſe in vain,
Whoſe Neck ſtill drags along a trailing Length of Chain.

While

Ver. 326. *The ſtruggling Dog* &c.] This Alluſion is pleaſantly applied in *Hudibras*.

For tho' the Dame has been my Bail,
To free me from enchanted Jail;
Yet as a Dog, committed cloſe
For ſome Offence, by chance breaks looſe,

And

While to the Quick he bites his harmleſs Nails,
The *Cully-Lover* thus reſolves, and rails:

'Davus, *I will!* (yes, deem me not in Jeſt)
'*I will, will inſtant, tear her from my Breaſt.*
'*Long have I ſuffer'd reſtleſs Cares to rend*
'*This fooliſh, love-ſick Heart—but here they end.*
'*Gods! on a Strumpet, ſhall I waſte my Wealth?*
'*Ruin, at once, my Fortune, Credit, Health?*
'*On my Relations too, derive a Shame,*
'*And call down Scandal on their fairer Fame?*
'*No,* Chryſis, *no! no more at midnight Hours*
'*Reel I, to ſerenade your bawdy Bowers.*
'*No more vibrate I ſtarv'd Ditties in the Dark:*
'*No,* Chryſis, *no! you much miſtake your Spark.*'

And quits his *Clog*; but all in vain,
He ſtill draws after him, his *Chain*;
So tho' my *Ankle* ſhe has quitted,
My *Heart* continues ſtill committed.
Cant. III. part. 2.

330. *Davus.*] The Name of a Servant.
338. *Chryſis.*] The Name of a Courtezan.

That's

That's my brave Maſter! be yourſelf, be wiſe,
And thank the Gods that open'd thus your Eyes.
Acknowledge ſtrait, their influencing Grace;
Bleed, bleed a Lamb this Inſtant on the Place.

'*But when ſhe finds me gone, for ever gone,*
'*Won't the fond Creature take moſt ſorely on?*
'*What think'ſt thou,* Davus?'

Think I?—to be plain,
I think you trifling, and your Purpoſe vain.
Fear not her *takings on*, but rather dread
Her angry Slipper levell'd at your Head.
I warrant, Sir, ſhe'll teach you to beware
Gnawing the Net, and ſtruggling in the Snare.
Now, big you bluſter, in heroic Strain;
Come one kind Line, you melt a *Slave* again.
'Well, 'tis a puzzling Circumſtance, you cry;
'Shall I, my Heart! or ſhall I not comply?
'But for one parting Look, no more, ſhe ſues:
'And muſt I this, this laſt Requeſt refuſe?

Yes, of full *Freedom*, if you'd reign poſſeſt,
You muſt refuſe, refuſe this laſt Requeſt.
Perſ. Right, *Davus!* there's the Man, that happy he,
Whom, and whom only, I acknowledge *free.*
Who perſevere not, ſtill are actual *Slaves*;
Spite of the Wand an idle *Lictor* waves.

Next of the tyrant Train, to ſeize thee waits
Ambition; and diſplays her gilded Baits.

Enjoys he Freedom, who obeys *her* Laws?
Who follows eager, where ſhe tempting draws?
Go Slave! (for ſuch thou art) quit Sleep and Eaſe!
Deal to the brangling Mob, thy Bribe of Peaſe!
With liberal Hand, thy Largeſſes beſtow,
Rich be the Feaſt, and ſumptuous be the Show:
So (while they creep, and baſk in noon-tide Heat)
Shall ſunny Seniors thy Applauſe repeat;

Give

Give thee, for ſleepleſs Nights, and anxious Days,
(O rare Amends!) a Dotard's chatty Praiſe.

But *Herod*'s Feaſt returns! — How chang'd thou art?
Now *Superſtition* lords it o'er thy Heart.
Now Lamps with Violets deck'd, in Rows depend;
And from each Window greaſy Clouds aſcend:
Now the red Diſh, within its circling Rim,
Beholds the Tail of ſome poor Tunny ſwim.
Now the white earthern Veſſel ſwells with Wine;
And thou, in Folly ſtand'ſt prepar'd to join.
Strictly obſervant of the *curtail'd Race*,
Lo thee, with Anguiſh brooding on thy Face:
Pale turns thy Cheek, with idle empty Frights;
While thy Lips move, and mutter *Jewiſh* Rites.

Next, the black Ghoſt thy Mind with Horrors fills;
And the crackt Egg-ſhell bodes a thouſand Ills.

The blinkard Prieſteſs awes, with timbrel'd Hand;
Fat Gelding-Prieſts, thy ſervile Soul command.
Dire Ills, it ſeems! their Gods denounce in Rage;
And Garlick only, can their Gods aſſwage.
Thrice then, each Morn, (for thrice the Powers direct)
Garlick thou nibbleſt, with devout Reſpect.

But here I end: for, dictate as I will,
Blockheads there are, who muſt be blockheads ſtill.
Yes, ſhou'd I vent in *Camps* theſe moral Strains,
How wou'd the *Hero-Tribe* applaud my Pains!
Each brawny Back, with Laughter ſtrait wou'd ſhake;
Each noble Captain, this Reply wou'd make:

Ver. 393. *Prieſteſs.*] That is to ſay, the Prieſteſs of the Goddeſs *Iſis:* who may be ſeen deſcribed with her *Timbrel*, in Mr. *Holid.* p. 246.

394. *Prieſts.*] Prieſts of *Cybele*, the *Phrygian* Goddeſs.

‘ Jabber not, Friend! thy learned Jargon *here*:
‘ Do musty Morals suit the *martial* Ear?
‘ *We* prize not, *we*, with all their senseless Sense,
‘ A hundred *Stoics* at a hundred Pence.

The End of the fifth SATIRE.

SATIRA QUINTA.

Perſius. VAtibus hic Mos eſt, centum ſibi poſcere Voces,
Centum Ora, et Linguas optare in Carmina centum:
Fabula ſeu mœſto ponatur hianda Tragœdo,
Vulnera ſeu *Parthi* ducentis ab Inguine Ferrum.

Cornutus. Quorſum hæc? aut quantas robuſti Carminis offas
Ingeris, ut par ſit centeno Gutture niti?
Grande locuturi, Nebulas Helicone legunto:
Si quibus aut *Progne*, aut ſi quibus Olla *Thyeſtæ*
Fervebit, ſæpe inſulſo cœnanda *Glyconi*.
Tu neque anhelanti, coquitur dum Maſſa Camino,
Folle premis Ventos: nec, clauſo Murmure raucus,
Neſcio quid Tecum grave cornicaris ineptè:

Nec

Nec Scloppo tumidas intendis rumpere Buccas.
Verba Togæ ſequeris, Junctura callidus acri,
Ore teres modico; pallentes radere Mores
Doctus, et ingenuo Culpam defigere Ludo.
Hinc trahe quæ dicas: Menſaſque relinque *Mycenis*
Cum capite et Pedibus; plebeiaque Prandia noris.

Perſ. Non Equidem hoc ſtudeo, bullatis ut Mihi Nugis
Pagina turgeſcat, dare Pondus idonea Fumo.
Secreti loquimur: Tibi nunc, hortante Camœnâ,
Excutienda damus Præcordia: quantaque noſtræ
Pars tua ſit, *Cornute*, Animæ, Tibi (dulcis Amice)
Oſtendiſſe juvat. Pulſa, dignoſcere cautus
Quid ſolidum crepet, & pictæ Tectoria Linguæ.
His Ego centenas auſim depoſcere Voces:
Ut quantum mihi Te ſinuoſo in Pectore fixi,
Voce traham pura: totumque hoc Verba reſignent,
Quod latet arcana non enarrabile Fibrâ.

Cum primùm pavido cuſtos mihi Purpura ceſſit,
Bullaque ſuccinctis Laribus donata pependit;

Cum

Cum blandi Comites; totaque impune Suburrâ
Permiſit ſparſiſſe Oculos jam candidus Umbo:
Cumque Iter ambiguum eſt; &, Vitæ neſcius, Error
Diducit trepidas ramoſa in Compita Mentes;
Me Tibi ſuppoſui. Teneros Tu ſuſcipis Annos,
Socratico, *Cornute*, ſinu. Tunc fallere ſolers,
Appoſita intortos extendit Regula Mores;
Et premitur Ratione Animus, vincique laborat;
Artificemque tuo ducit ſub Pollice Vultum.
Tecum, etenim, longos memini conſumere Soles;
Et, Tecum, primas Epulis decerpere Noctes.
Unum Opus, & Requiem pariter diſponimus ambo;
Atque verecunda laxamus ſeria Mensâ.

Non Equidem hoc dubites, Amborum Fœdere certo
Conſentire Dies, & ab uno ſidere duci.
Noſtra, vel, æquali ſuſpendit Tempora *Librâ*
Parca tenax veri: Seu, nata fidelibus Hora
Dividit in *Geminos* concordia Fata Duorum:
Saturnumque gravem noſtro *Jove* frangimus unâ.

Neſcio

Neſcio quod, certè eſt quod Me Tibi temperat,
Aſtrum.
Mille Hominum ſpecies, & Rerum diſcolor Uſus:
Velle ſuum, cuique eſt; Nec voto vivitur uno.
Mercibus Hic Italis mutat, ſub Sole recenti,
Rugoſum Piper, & pallentis Grana Cumini:
Hic, ſatur, irriguo mavult turgeſcere ſomno;
Hic Campo indulget: Hunc Alea decoquit: Ille
In Venerem putret. Sed cum lapidoſa Chiragra
Fregerit Articulos, veteris Ramalia Fagi;
Tunc craſſos tranſiſſe Dies, Lucemque paluſtrem,
Et ſibi jam ſeri Vitam ingemuere relictam.

At *Te* nocturnis juvat impalleſcere Chartis.
Cultor enim Juvenum, purgatas inſeris Aures
Fruge *Cleanthea*. Petite hinc, Juveneſque Seneſque,
Finem Animo certum, miſeriſque Viatica canis.

'Cras Hoc fiet.' Idem Cras fiet. 'Quid! quaſi magnum
'Nempe Diem donas?' Sed cum Lux altera venit,
Jam

Jam Cras heſternum conſumpſimus: Ecce aliud Cras
Egerit hos Annos, & ſemper paulum erit ultra.
Nam quamvis prope Te, quamvis Temone ſub uno,
Vertentem ſeſe, fruſtrà ſectabere Canthum;
Cum rota poſterior curras, & in Axe ſecundo.

Libertate opus eſt: non hâc, quâ, ut Quiſque *Velinâ*
Publius emeruit, ſcabioſum Teſſerula Far
Poſſidet. Heu ſteriles Veri, Quibus una Quiritem
Vertigo facit!—Hìc *Dama* eſt, non treſſis Agaſo;
Vappa & lippus, & in tenui Farragine mendax:
Verterit Hunc Dominus, Momento Turbinis exit
Marcus *Dama*.——Papæ! Marco ſpondente, recuſas
Credere Tu Nummos?—Marco ſub Judice palles?
—Marcus dixit? ita eſt.—Aſſigna, Marce, Tabellas.——
Hæc mera Libertas! Hoc nobis Pilea donant!

An

‘ An quiſquam eſt alius liber, niſi ducere Vitam
‘ Cui licet, ut voluit? licet, ut volo, vivere: non
ſum
‘ Liberior *Bruto*?’ Mendosè colligis, inquit,
Stoicus Hic, Aurem mordaci lotus Aceto:
Hoc reliquum accipio; *licet illud*, et, *ut volo*, tolle.

‘ Vindicta poſtquam meus a Prætore receſſi,
‘ Cur mihi non liceat, juſſit quodcunque Voluntas;
‘ Excepto, ſi quid *Maſuri* Rubrica notavit?’

Diſce; ſed Ira cadat Naſo, rugoſaque Sanna,
Dum veteres Avias Tibi de Pulmone revello.

Non Prætoris erat, ſtultis dare tenuia Rerum
Officia; atque uſum rapidæ permittere Vitæ.
Sambucam citius caloni aptaveris alto.
Stat contrà Ratio, et ſecretam garrit in Aurem,
Ne liceat facere id, quod quis vitiabit agendo.
Publica Lex Hominum, Naturaque continet hoc Fas,
Ut teneat vetitos Inſcitia debilis Actus.

Diluis

Diluis Helleborum, certo compeſcere Puncto
Neſcius Examen: vetat hoc Natura medendi.
Navem ſi poſcat ſibi peronatus Arator,
Luciferi rudis; exclamet *Melicerta* periſſe
Frontem de Rebus.—Tibi recto vivere Talo
Ars dedit? et Veri Speciem dignoſcere calles,
Ne qua ſubærato mendoſum tinniat Auro?
Quæque ſequenda ſorent, quæque evitanda viciſſim,
Illa prius Creta, mox hæc carbone notaſti?
Es modicus Voti? preſſo Lare? dulcis Amicis?
Jam nunc aſtringas, jam nunc Granaria laxes?
Inque Luto fixum, poſſis tranſcendere Nummum,
Nec Glutto ſorbere Salivam Mercurialem?

Hæc mea ſunt, teneo; cum verè dixeris; eſto
Liberque ac ſapiens, Prætoribus ac Jove dextro.

Sin Tu, cum fueris noſtræ paulo ante Farinæ,
Pelliculam veterem retines; et, Fronte politus,
Aſtutam vapido ſervas ſub Pectore Vulpem:
Quæ dederam ſupra repeto, funemque reduco.

Nil

Nil Tibi conceſſit Ratio, Digitum exere, peccas.
Et quid tam parvum eſt? Sed nullo Thure litabis,
Hæreat in Stultis brevis ut Semuncia Recti.
Hæc miſcere, Nefas: Nec cum ſis cætera Foſſor
Tres tantum ad Numeros Satyri moveare *Bathylli*.
'Liber Ego.' Unde datum hoc ſumis, tot ſubdite Rebus?
An Dominum ignoras, niſi Quem Vindicta relaxat?
I Puer, & Strigiles *Criſpini* ad Balnea defer,
Si increpuit, ceſſas Nugator?—Servitium acre—
Te Nihil impellit; nec Quicquam extrinſecus intrat,
Quod Nervos agitet——Sed ſi intus, & in Jecore ægro
Naſcantur Domini, quî Tu impunitior exis
Atque Hic, quem ad Strigiles Scutica & Metus egit herilis?

Mane piger ſtertis. 'Surge, inquit *Avaritia*: eja
'Surge.'—negas. 'Inſtat, ſurge inquit.' Non queo.
'Surge.'

Et quid agam? ‘ rogitas? Saperdas advehe Ponto,
‘ Caſtoreum, Stuppas, Hebenum, Thus, lubrica Coa.
‘ Tolle recens, primus, Piper e ſitiente Camelo.
‘ Verte aliquid, jura.’ Sed Jupiter audiet. ‘ Eheu,
‘ Baro! reguſtatum Digito terebrare Salinum,
‘ Contentus perages, Si vivere cum Jove tendis.’

Jam Pueris Pellem ſuccinctus, & œnophorum aptas,
Ocius ad Navem. Nihil obſtat quin Trabe veſtâ
Ægæum rapias, niſi ſolers *Luxuria* ante
Seductum moneat; ‘ Quo deinde, inſane, ruis? Quo?
‘ Quid Tibi vis? calido ſub Pectore, maſcula Bilis
‘ Intumuit, quam non extinxerit Urna Cicutæ.
‘ *Tun*’ Mare tranſilias? *Tibi*, torta Cannabe fulto,
‘ Cœna ſit in Tranſtro? Vejentanumque Rubellum
‘ Exhalet, vapida læſum Pice, feſſilis Obba?
‘ Quid petis? Ut Nummi, quos hìc Quincunce mo-
‘ deſto
‘ Nutrieras, pergant avidos ſudare Deunces?

‘ Indulge

' Indulge Genio: carpamus dulcia; noſtrum eſt
' Quod vivis: Cinis, & Manes, & Fabula fies.
' Vive memor Lethi: fugit Hora: hoc quod loquor,
' inde eſt.'

En quid agis? duplici in diverſum ſcinderis Hamo.
Hunccine, an hunc, ſequeris? ſubeas alternus oportet,
Ancipiti Obſequio, Dominos: alternus oberres.

Nec Tu, cum obſtiteris ſemel, inſtantique negaris
Parere Imperio, ' rupi jam vincula,' dicas.
Nam & luctata Canis Nodum abripit: attamen Illi,
Cum fugit, a Collo trahitur Pars longa Catenæ.

Dave, citò, hoc credas jubeo, finire Dolores
Præteritos meditor: [crudum *Chæreſtratus* unguem
Abradens, ait hæc] An ſiccis Dedecus obſtem
Cognatis? An Rem patriam, Rumore ſiniſtro,
Limen ad obſcœnum, frangam? dum Chrysidis udas
Ebrius ante Fores, extincta cum Face canto?

Euge, Puer, ſapias: Diis depellentibus Agnam
Percute. Sed cenſen' plorabit, DAVE, relicta?
Nugaris: ſolea, puer, objurgabere rubrâ,
Ne trepidare velis, atque arctos rodere Caſſes.
Nunc ferus, & violens: at ſi vocet, haud mora dicas,
'Quidnam igitur faciam? Ne nunc, cum accerſat, et
'ultro
'Supplicet, accedam?' *Si totus, & integer, illine*
Exieras, nec nunc. Hic, hic, quem quærimus, hic
eſt:
Non in Feſtuca, Lictor quam jactat ineptus.

Jus habet Ille ſui. Pulpo quem ducit hiantem
Cretata *Ambitio?* Vigila, & Cicer ingere largè
Rixanti Populo, noſtra ut Floralia poſſint
Aprici meminiſſe Senes! quid pulchrius?—At cum
Herodis venere Dies, unctaque Feneſtrâ
Diſpoſitæ, pinguem Nebulam vomuere Lucernæ,
Portantes Violas; rubrumque amplexa Catinum,
Cauda natat Thynni, tumet alba Fidelia Vino;

Labra

Labra moves tacitus, recutitaque Sabbata palles.
Tunc nigri Lemures, Ovoque Pericula rupto :
Hinc grandes Galli, & cum Siſtro luſca Sacerdos,
Incuſſere Deos inflantes Corpora, ſi non
Prædictum, ter Mane, Caput guſtaveris Allî.

Dixeris hæc inter varicoſos Centuriones :
Continuò craſſum ridet *Vulfenius* ingens,
Et centum Græcos curto Centuſſe licebit.

Finis QUINTÆ SATIRÆ.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF *PERSIUS.*

To Cæsius Bassus, a Lyric Poet.

The ARGUMENT.

THE Studious among the Romans, *usually retired from* Rome, *about the Beginning of Winter, to apply themselves with the greater Attention to their* Lucubrations. *For this Purpose, both* Persius *and* Bassus *seem now to have retreated to their respective Country-Houses: the first to his, at the Port of* Luna, *in* Liguria; *the latter to his, in the Territories*

tories of the Sabines. *Thither* Perſius *addreſſes this Epiſtolary Satire: beginning with ſome Inquiries concerning his* Friend's *preſent manner of Life, and then proceeding to an Account of his own. He deſcribes himſelf in his Retirement, as quite undiſquieted, with regard to Cares or Paſſions: and with Reſpect to Expence, not profuſe, nor yet parſimonious. Thence he adviſes others, to make a free Uſe of their Fortunes, likewiſe: deeming nothing ſo abſurd as the Folly of thoſe Wretches, who ſtarve themſelves, to enrich their Succeſſors.*

HAS Winter drawn thee, ſay, Poetic Friend,
To ſeek that Warmth thy *Sabine* Chimnies lend?
Wakes, to thy ſolemn Quill, th'obedient Lyre,
And vibrates into Life each warbling Wire?
Say, mighty Maſter! *Thou* whoſe Art alone,
Could teach the *Roman* String a manlier Tone!

Majeſtic, *now*, thy towering Numbers ſoar,
And all Creation's wondrous Works explore:

Ver. 3. *Quill* &c.] They played upon the Harp with a Quill or Stick, as we do upon the Dulcimer.

Next,

Next, the gay Theme thy ſprightlier Notes employs,
And ſportive Lyrics paint our *youthful* Joys:
Strait, hoary Chiefs thy honouring Hand engage,
And the chang'd Song recounts the Praiſe of *Age*.

Mean-time, I winter on the ſhelter'd Shores,
When my *Liguria*'s Sea, tempeſtuous, roars:
Where riſing Cliffs on either Side are ſeen,
While Sands extend their level Vales, between.

O Luna, *lovely Part!* thy Fame remains
Recorded erſt, in *Ennius*' deathleſs Strains,
Strains! in the Mould of ſober Reaſon caſt,
When all his *tranſmigrating Dreams* were paſt.

Whether the Mob applaud me, or decry,
In this Retreat, alike regardleſs I:
Regardleſs I, though *Auſter*'s ſultry Breath,
To thin my Folds, prepare infectious Death;

Ver. 14. *Where my Liguria's Sea*, &c.] See Monſ. *Bayle*'s Life of the Author hereto prefixed.

Though

Though my next Neighbour boaſt a richer Spot,
Regardleſs I, behold his luckier Lot.
Nay, and though others too, as well as he,
Exchange for Fortune's Heights, their low Degree;
Yet will not I breath one repining Wiſh,
Nor baulk my Table of a ſingle Diſh:
Nor to my Noſe, one dreggy Flaggon thruſt,
To ſee the Seal ſtand faithful to it's Truſt.
No, no, not I—I will not Health impair,
Nor haſten ſhriveling Age, by carking Care.

My Notion this: but, doubtleſs, you may find
Another Man with quite another Mind.
Twins, themſelves, differ; on whoſe natal Hour
The ſame *Aſcendant* ſhed it's equal Power.

One, (an Exceſs, to common Days unknown;
Such, as his Birth-day juſtifies alone)
In a ſmall Cup, a paltry Pickle buys,
And dips each wither'd Herb with anxious Eyes:

His

His ſacred Pepper-box, none elſe may touch;
A graceleſs Cook might uſe a Grain too much.

Not ſo his Brother: *HE*, a jovial Soul,
HE guttles down luxuriouſly his whole.

I, I will uſe, will uſe *my* Fortune too;
But with Reſtriction, not as Spendthrifts do.
Ne'er ſhall *my* Board ſee ſumptuous Turbots dreſt,
And ſpread profuſely, to the freed-man Gueſt:
Ne'er ſhall *my* Tongue be taught by coſtly Uſe,
To tell the *Female* Thruſh's ſubtler Juice.

Who ſquander, or who hoard, alike miſtake:
Mark *thou* thy Income; that, thy Meaſure make.
Live to thine utmoſt Sheaf; grind, never ſpare;
Drain every Barn—for, why ſhould'ſt thou forbear?

Ver. 52. *Thruſh's Sex.*] Theſe Birds (in Latin called *Turdi*, and in Engliſh commonly tranſlated *Thruſhes*) were in great Reputation as Delicacies. A Man of elegant Diſcernment would tell, at firſt Taſte, whether the Bird he was eating, was of the *Male* or of the *Female* Kind: but the Juices of the *latter*, were judged to be rather the more exquiſite.

'Tis

'Tis but to plough, to harrow, as before;
Up comes another Crop, as much or more.

'But if I, thus, each annual Income ſpend,
'How ſhall I, then, relieve the Ship-wreck'd Friend?
'See there, his Ship receives the fatal Shock!
'Himſelf, ſee, crawling up the rugged Rock!
'No friendly God comes piteous to his Call,
'No timely Hand to ſave his ſinking All.
'*Now*, on the Shore, that echoes with his Cries,
'On the cold dreary Shore—outſtretch'd he lies.
'Round him, each *tutelary Figure* ſee,
'Torn from the Veſſel, and diſtreſs'd as he!

'The

Ver. 67.—*Each tutelary Figure.*] "I am apt to "think (ſays *Eugenius*) from certain Paſſages of the "Poets, that ſeveral Ships made choice of ſome God "or other for their Guardians, as among the *Roman* "Catholics every Veſſel is recommended to the "Patronage of ſome particular Saint. The Figure "of the Deity was very large, and ſtood on one End "of the Veſſel that it patroniſed. This may give us "an Image of a very beautiful Circumſtance that we "meet with in a Wreck deſcribed by *Perſius* &c.— "I have often wondered at Mr. *Dryden* for paſſing

"ſo

'The ſhatter'd Veſſel; on whoſe ſever'd Sides
'The Cormorant ſports, the Mew triumphant rides.'

Thou then in Time, leſt pennyleſs he go
* Bearing his pictur'd Ship, relieve his Woe.
Is *Money* wanting, for the generous End?—
Sell, ſell ſome *Land*; and *ſo* ſupport thy Friend.

'O but my *Heir*——if I curtail the leaſt,
'That Rogue deducts it in my funeral Feaſt:

" ſo ſevere a Cenſure on this Author. He fancies " this Deſcription of a Wreck, is too good for *Perſius*, " and that he might be helped in it, by *Lucan*, who " was one of his Contemporaries. For my Part " (ſays *Cynthio*) I am ſo far from Mr. *Dryden*'s Opi- " nion in this Particular, that I fancy *Perſius* a better " Poet than *Lucan*: And that had he been engaged " on the ſame Subject, he would at leaſt in his Ex- " preſſions and Deſcriptions have out-writ the *Phar- " ſalia*. He was indeed employed on Subjects that " ſeldom led him into any thing like Deſcription; but " where he has an Occaſion of ſhewing himſelf, we " find very few of the *Latin* Poets that have given a " greater Beauty to their Expreſſions. His Obſcuri- " ties are indeed ſometimes affected, but they gene- " rally ariſe from the Remoteneſs of the Cuſtoms, " Perſons and Things he alludes to—" See Mr. *Ad- diſon*'s Dial. on Medals: p. 72. and 141.

* See Verſe 195. of the firſt Satire.

'Conſigns

'Conſigns my Bones, perfumeleſs, to their Urn;
'At beſt, makes muſty Spices ſerve the Turn.
'With deadning Gums th' adulterate *Caſſia* join'd,
'Each Aromatic Atom has reſign'd;
'It's every Sweet, the *Cinnamon* has loſt,
'Refuſe of Shops——thinks he, *the leſs the Coſt.*
'*You, who ſold* Land, *expect you Drugs of Price?*
'*No, no, your Carcaſe muſt not be ſo nice.*

'Next, *Beſtius* rails——'Ay, this has been the
'Trade,
'Since firſt thoſe ſcholard *Greeks* their Entrance made.

Ver. 77. *Conſigns my Bones, perfumeleſs.*] The Expences of the Dead were in this Article very extravagant. On *Sylla*'s funeral Pile were caſt a hundred and ten Biers of *Spices* (which conſidering the Dearneſs of that Commodity at *Rome*, muſt have amounted to a vaſt Sum) beſides his own and his *Lictor*'s Statue, made of Incenſe and Cinnamon as large as the Life. See *Plutarch*'s *Sylla*.

Nero, at *Poppea*'s Funeral, burnt more *Cinnamon* and *Caſſia*, than the whole yearly Product of *Arabia*. Arbuth. Tabl. Moreover the Friends of the Deceaſed uſually obliged the People with a public Treat.

'Pack'd up with Dates and Pepper, here they throng,
'And ſhip their damn'd *Philoſophy*, along.
'When once this foreign Foppery got to Town,
'Old *Roman* Plainneſs would no longer down.
'Then Ploughmen truly! could no longer eat,
'Without rich Oils to ſpoil their wholeſome Meat.'

Friend, let him rail: when thou art turn'd to Clay,
Matters it what ſurviving Blockheads ſay?

Then, for thy *Heir*—admit, he proves unjuſt;
Grudges due Honours, and defrauds thy Duſt:
On this poor Pretext, ſhalt thou, *living*, dread
The want of funeral Frippery, when *dead*?

Were the Caſe mine, I honeſtly declare,
Thus flat and plain, would I addreſs *my* Heir:

'You

'You (*Jove* knows whom) that gape for my
'Deceaſe,
'Draw near: a Word in private, if you pleaſe.
'Here's glorious News, it ſeems, arriv'd to-day:
'Have not you heard, Sir, what th' Expreſſes ſay?
'The laurel'd Letter ſpeaks our *Chieftain* great:
'Speaks *Cæſar*'s Conqueſt, *Germany*'s Defeat.
'Our Altars, lo, their duſtleſs Hearths diſplay!
'Lo, their cold Aſhes all are ſwept away!
'Our *Empreſs* has declar'd her royal Will;
'Our ready Marſhals her Beheſts fulfil.
'E'en now, they bid triumphal Pillars riſe,
'And glad with regal Spoils our wondering Eyes:
'E'en now, they change the hapleſs Captive's Dreſs,
'And make dark Frize his humbled State expreſs.

Ver. 106. *Cæſar*'s Conqueſt.] Tho' *Caligula*'s Expedition ended in nothing more than a farcical gathering of Cockle Shells upon the Sea-ſhore, yet in the Advices he diſpatched to *Rome*, he demanded a Triumph as for a formal Victory. See *Suetonius*.

'Here, they rank hoſtile Chariots; there, ordain
'Huge *German* Slaves to drag th' unwilling Chain.
'Then, to find Fencers, I my-ſelf engage;
'A hundred Pair, I bring upon the Stage.
'A large Expence; but how, for ſuch Succeſs,
'How can I give the *Gods*, or *Cæſar*'s Genius leſs?
'What I decree, Who dares oppoſe?—dare *you?*
'Look to't—'tis at your Peril, if you do.
'Nay, fuller yet my Raptures to declare,
'A Dole, beſide, the Populace ſhall ſhare.
'To *this* object you?—come, ſpeak out—be free—
Object! no ſure, Sir, it becomes not me.
'Extremely civil this! good Reaſon why;
'How fair thoſe Fields! how tempting do they lie!'

But as for *Heirs*, ſuppoſe I had not One;
Aunts, Uncles, Nephews, Nieces, dead and gone.
Of each dear Relative, thus quite bereft
(Not e'en my Grannum's Couſin's Couſin left)
Away walk I; it may be, to *Bovill*,
Or where *Aricia* tops the neighbouring Hill;

Lo *Manius*, at the Stand of Beggars, there!—
For one Word's ſpeaking, *He* will be my Heir.
'*An upſtart Wretch!—A Son of Earth!* you cry:
'*Make* him *your Heir?*'—Why not, Sir, tell me why?
'*His Race, his Sire, is utterly unknown.*'
Four Generations backward, ſo's my own.
No, who was mine, I could inform you too:
But 'twere, in troth, as much as I could do.
One Degree more, trac'd upwards from my Birth,
Makes *my* Fore-father too, a *Son of Earth.*
To *him* related, may this *Manius* be;
To *him* related, and of Courſe to *me.*

'But *you*, it ſeems, plead ſtill the *nearer* Merit—'
However let *me* die, e're *you* inherit.
Wave your Pretenſions, till the Courſe be done;
Who claims the *Torch*, e're yet the Race is run?

Here,

Ver. 150. Who claims the *Torch.*] At a Feſtival inſtituted by the *Athenians* in Honour of *Vulcan*, there was a Race run by young Men with lighted *Torches* in their Hands. He who took his Turn firſt, deli-

 vered

Here, like the *God of Gain*, behold I ſtand;
As he's deſcrib'd in Picture, Bag in Hand!
Refuſe you, ſay, or deign you to receive,
The Fortune I was left, and I can leave?

'Tis ſomewhat ſunk, you ſurely muſt allow;
'Here can't be all'—Here's all remaining now:
The reſt, I us'd—But, what thou ſee'ſt is thine;
Then thankful take it, and ne'er once repine.
Let *me* no Murmurings hear; nor idle Prate
Of this, or that, or t'other, *ſpent* Eſtate.
Say not one Word of *Tadius*, and the Sum
By him bequeath'd; but prudently be dumb.
Call *me* to no Account; nor dare to teach
Me ſaving Leſſons, ſuch as Fathers preach:
Son! put your Fortune out to Uſe, be-ſure:
The Product ſpend, the Principal ſecure.

vered the *Torch* to the ſecond; and the ſecond, in like Manner, to the third. The Victory was his that carried the *Torch lighted*, to the End of the Race. See *Pott. Græc. Antiq.* p. 399.

'Well,

'Well, on that Head, I ſpare my fruitleſs Pains;
'*How much remains* tho', let me aſk,'—REMAINS!
Oil, oil, my Slave! nor longer boggling ſtand:
Oil, oil my Herbs with liberal, laviſh Hand.
What! ſhall a Swine's inſipid, leathery Ear,
And Smoak-dry'd Snout, compoſe *my* conſtant Cheer?
Nay, with boil'd Nettles garniſh'd round, compleat
My genial Holy-Day's moſt jovial Treat?
Gods! ſhall I ſtarve, on ſuch poor pinch-gut Fare,
I ſtarve *my-ſelf*, to pamper up my *Heir*?
To make a Rake-hell Rogue in Dainties deal,
And cram with *Gooſe's Liver*, every Meal?
Then have his high-born Whore, at once to drain
His ſwelling Pockets, and his throbbing Vein?

Ver. 178. *Gooſe's Liver.*] This was eſteemed by the *Romans* a moſt delicious Morſel. They had a Method of cramming the Animal with a certain Food (in which Figs were the main Ingredient) that made the Liver grow to an amazing Size. Who was the happy Diſcoverer of ſo worthy a Receipt (whether it was *Scipio Metellus* a Man of conſular Dignity, or *Marcus Seſtius* a *Roman* Knight) *Pliny* himſelf will not undertake to ſay. Lib. 10. c. 22.

Shall

Shall I, forſooth, become meer Bones and Skin,
A creeping Skeleton, ſo weak, ſo thin!
That He, in State, triumphantly may ſtrut,
Behind a prieſtly Paunch, and ſwaggy Gut?

Yes ſure, thy Riches let no Bounds reſtrain;
Sell, my Friend, ſell thy very Soul for Gain.
Yes, that thy *Heir* may grand Poſſeſſions boaſt,
Sail *thou* the World around; ſift every Coaſt,
Cull every Mart: Nay, practiſe every Guile,
Each lucrative Deceit, and wholeſome Wile.
Thy very Fellow-Creatures, buy and ſell;
Cage the convenient Knaves, and ſtuff them well.
Let none ſurpaſs thee in the vending Knack:
Let thy Palm learn the recommending Thwack,
To clap the Side, and praiſe the brawny Back.
Then count thy Gains; and double then thy Store.
'—'Tis done; 'tis three—'tis five—'tis ten-times more.'

Where

Where muſt I ſtop?—Fix, fix the Point of Reſt,
Chryſippus, Thou, with Art peculiar bleſt!
Thou, who could'ſt, once, ſo happily aſſign
Bounds to *thy* HEAP, Now limit this of *Mine!*

Ver. 198. *Chryſippus* his *Heap.*] This Philoſopher took abundance of fruitleſs Pains to find out the Solution of a Sophiſm, which, from it's conſiſting of an *HEAP* of Interrogations, was called *Sorites: Chryſippus* could deviſe no better Expedient than to anſwer only to a certain Number of theſe Interrogations, and then to be ſilent. (*Cic. Academ.* L. 4. c. 28.) which notable Artifice of his, *Perſius* I ſuppoſe is here deriding.

The End of the Sixth SATIRE.

SATIRA SEXTA.

Ad *CÆSIUM BASSUM.*

ADmovit jam Bruma Foco Te, *BASSE, Sabino?*
Jamne Lyra, & tetrico vivunt Tibi Pectine Chordæ?
Mirè Opifex, Numeris, veterum Primordia Rerum,
Atque marem ſtrepitum Fidis intendiſſe Latinæ;
Mox juvenes agitare Jocos; et, Pollice honeſto,
Egregios luſiſſe Senes!—Mihi nunc *Ligus* Ora
Intepet, hybernatque meum Mare; quà Latus ingens
Dant ſcopuli, & multa littus ſe Valle receptat.
'*Lunaï Portum, eſt Operæ cognoſcere, Cives.*'
Cor jubet hoc Ennî; poſtquam deſtertuit eſſe
Mæonides, quintus Pavone ex Pythagoreo.

Hìc

Hìc Ego ſecurus Vulgi, et quid præparet Auſter
Infelix Pecori: ſecurus &, Angulus ille
Vicini, noſtro quia pinguior. Et ſi adeò omnes
Diteſcant orti pejoribus, uſque recuſem
Curvus ob id minui Senio, aut cœnare ſine Uncto;
Et Signum in vapida Naſo tetigiſſe Lagenâ.

Diſcrepet his Alius. Geminos, Horoſcope, varo
Producis Genio. Solis Natalibus, eſt qui
Tingat Olus ſiccum Muriâ, vafer, in Calice emptâ;
Ipſe ſacrum irrorans Patinæ Piper. Hic Bona dente
Grandia magnanimus peragit Puer.—Utar Ego, utar:
Nec Rhombos, ideò, Libertis ponere lautus;
Nec tenuem ſolers Turdarum noſſe Salivam.

Meſſe tenus propria vive; et Granaria (fas eſt)
Emole; quid metuas? occa, et Seges altera in Herbâ eſt.

At

'At vocat Officium. Trabe rupta, *Bruttia* Saxa
'Prendit Amicus inops: Remque omnem, ſurdaque
'Vota,
'Condidit *Ionio*: jacet Ipſe in Littore, et unâ
'Ingentes de Puppe Dei; jamque obvia Mergis,
'Coſta Ratis laceræ.'—Nunc, et de Ceſpite vivo,
Frange aliquid; largire inopi; ne pictus oberret
Cæruleâ in Tabula. 'Sed Cœnam Funeris Hæres
'Negliget, iratus quod Rem curtaveris: Urnæ
'Oſſa inodora dabit: ſeu ſpirent Cinnama ſurdum,
'Seu Ceraſo peccent Caſiæ, neſcire paratus.
'*Tune Bona incolumis minuas?*—Sed Beſtius urget
'Doctores Graios: *Ita fit, poſtquam ſapere Urbi,*
'*Cum Pipere & Palmis, venit: noſtrum hoc, Maris*
'*expers!*
'*Fæniſecæ craſſo vitiarunt Unguine Pulles.*'

Hæc Cinere ulterior metuas? At Tu, meus Hæres
Quiſquis eris, paulum a Turba ſeductior audi:

O Bone,

O Bone, num ignoras? missa est a *Cæsare* Laurus,
Insignem ob Cladem Germanæ pubis; et Aris
Frigidus excutitur Cinis. Ac jam postibus Arma,
Jam Chlamydas Regum, jam lutea Gausapa captis,
Essedaque ingentesque locat *Cæsonia* Rhenos.
Diis igitur, Genioque Ducis, centum Paria, ob Res
Egregiè gestas, induco. Quis vetat? aude.
Væ, nisi connives—Oleum Artocreasque Popello
Largior: An prohibes? dic clare. *Non adeo*, inquis:
Exossatus ager juxta est. Age, si mihi nulla
Jam reliqua ex Amitis; Patruelis nulla; Proneptis
Nulla manet; Patrui sterilis Matertera vixit;
Deque Avia nihilum supersit: Accedo Bovillas,
Clivumque ad Virbî; præsto est mihi *Manius* Hæres.
'Progenies Terræ'—Quære ex Me, quis mihi quartus
Sit Pater; haud prompte, dicam tamen. Adde etiam
Unum,
Unum etiam, Terræ est jam Filius: et mihi Ritu,
Manius hic, Generis, propè major Avunculus exit.

Qui prior es, cur Me *in Decurſu* Lampada poſ-
eas?
Sum Tibi *Mercurius*: venio Deus huc Ego, ut Ille
Pingitur. An renuis? vin' Tu gaudere relictis?
'Deeſt aliquid Summæ.' Minui Mihi: Sed Tibi to-
tum eſt,
Quicquid id eſt. Ubi ſit, fuge quærere, quod Mihi
quondam
Legarat *Tadius*: neu Dicta repone paterna:
Fœnoris accedat Merces; hinc exime ſumptus.
'Quid reliquum eſt?' reliquum? Nunc, nunc impen-
ſius unge,
Unge, Puer, Caules. Mihi, feſta Luce, coquatur
Urtica, et fiſſa fumoſum Sinciput Aure;
Ut tuus iſte Nepos, olim, ſatur Anſeris Extis,
Cum moroſa vago ſingultiet Inguine Vena,
Patriciæ immeiat Vulvæ? Mihi Trama Figuræ
Sit reliqua? aſt Illi tremat Omento popa Venter?

'Vende

'Vende Animam Lucro; mercare; atque excute
ſolers
'Omne Latus Mundi. Ne ſit præſtantior alter,
'Cappadocas rigida pingues plauſiſſe Cataſtâ.
'Rem duplica.' Feci. Jam triplex; jam mihi quartò,
Jam decies redit in Rugam. Depunge ubi ſiſtam,
Inventus, *Chryſippe*, tui Finitor Acervi!

FINIS.

Occasional Remarks.

THE following very exact *Greek* Version of the Prologue by *Petavius*, Vol. III. de Ratione Temp. Epist. 29. Lib. 2. may not be unacceptable to the Reader. *Scaliger* and *Casaubon* have also translated it into *Greek*; their Versions are prefixed to *Casaubon's Persius*.

Οὔτ' αὖα τέγξα χείλε' ἱππίῳ Κρήνῃ,
Οὔτ' ὄναρ ἄκρῃσιν ἐνδιφυέσι Παρνασσοῦ
Εἶδον, ποιητὴς ὡς παραυτόθεν φῦναι:
Ἑλικωνίδες καὶ ὠχριῶσα Πειρήνη
Κείνοις ἀφείσθω, ὧν κατ' εἰκόνας ςέψας
Κιττὸς διέρπει. ἀλλ' ἐς ἱρὰ ποιητῶν
Ημιπολιήτης τὐμὸν εἰς ἔπος πέμπω.
Τίς ψιττάκοις ἤρθρωσε τὸ σφέων ΧΑΙΡΕ,
Κίττας τε τίς δίδαξεν ἀνδρικὴν φωνήν;
Τέχνης καθηγεμὼν, νόυ τε δώτειρα
Γαςὴρ, παρὰ φύσιν φθέγματ' ἐκμαθεῖν [illegible],
Εἰ δ' αὖτε δολερῦ νυμμίυ φαίνοιτ' ἐλπὶς,
Κόρακας ποιητὰς καὶ ποιητρίας κίττας
Ἄδειν δοκοίης Πηγασηΐην ᾠδήν.

11. *Artifex.*] The Meaning of this Word is accurately expressed in the preceding Translation by δεινὸς.
Sequi.] i. e. *assequi.*

SAT. I.

3. *Vel duo vel*—] *Tres* underſtood.

4. *Ne mihi Polydamas*, &c.] The Conſtruction is—— Anne hoc turpe et miſerabile, ſcil. quod Polydamas et Troiades Labeonem prætulerint mihi?

6. *Accedas.*] You ought not to accede or vote on that Side.

7. *Nec te quæſiveris extra.*] i. e. Nec te quærere debes extra te. See Sat. 4. v. 23, 51.

Falſus Honor juvat et mendax infamia terret,
Quem niſi mendoſum et mendacem? Hor.

8. *Romæ quis non*—] *Turbidus* underſtood.

11. *Vivere triſte.*] A Græciſm for vitam triſtem. *Perſius* frequently uſes the Infinitive Mood ſubſtantively. See Inſtances, v. 24, 27, 122. Sat. 3. v. 17.

13. *Scribimus incluſi*, &c.] Follow our Example; ſhut up in our Studies we write, &c. Qui facis in *parva* ſublimia carmina *cella*. Juv.

23. *Cute perditus.*] Wrinkled, and of courſe whoſe Vanity ſhould be well nigh extinguiſhed. *Juvenal* among the Evils attending old Age mentions *deformem pro cute pellem*. Sat. 10. v. 102.

Obe.] Imitated from *Horace*. —— donec ohe jam
Ad cœlum manibus ſublatis.

27. *Scire tuum*, &c.] Imitated from *Lucilius*.——
Scire eſt neſcire, niſi id me
Scire alter ſciat.——

36, 38. *Aſſenſere viri—nunc non cinis*, &c. } *Perſius*
Laudant convivæ—nunc non, &c. } ironically ſuppoſes that as the Admiration of the Company riſes, ſo do the Effects of it. See Juv. Sat. 7. v. 207.

37. *Levior Cippus.*] The following Letters, H. S. E. S. T. T L. *Hic ſitus es, ſit tibi terra levis*, were uſually inſcribed on Tomb Stones.

40. *Ait.*] Ait *vetulus*. v. 22.

49. *Euge*

49. *Euge tuum et belle.*] *Tuum* here is oppoſed to the Applauſe of Men of Senſe.

50. *Non hic eſt Ilias*, &c.] The Conſtruction is—Annon hic (ſcil. in hoc belle tuo,) eſt Ilias Acci Labeonis, annon hic elegidia, ſi qua crudi dictarunt proceres, annon hic denique, quicquid, &c.

55. *Et verum inquis amo*, &c.] This is taken from the Moſtellaria of *Plautus*, where the Courteſan *Philematium* ſays to her Maid *Scapha*, *Ego verum amo, verum volo mihi dici, mendaces odi*, and is therefore here very properly put into the Mouth of a Poetaſter.

56. *Vis dicam.*] *Verum* underſtood.

58. *O Jane a tergo quem.*] *Utpote bifrontem* underſtood.

Nulla ciconia.] Whom no Finger thruſt out in the Form of a Stork's Bill hath pecked.

59. *Auriculas albas.*] The Inſide of an Aſs's Ears are white.

69. *Ecce modo*, &c.] The Conſtruction is—Ecce modo vel nunc docemus pueros nugari ſolitos Græce, neque artifices ponere lucum nec rus ſaturum, &c. afferre heroas ſenſus.

Heroas ſenſus.] Put for *Heroos ſenſus.* Heroics or Epic Poetry. Thus *Italo honore*, v. 129. for *Italico honore.*

70. *Nugari ſolitos Græce.*] Smatterers in *Greek*, which the *Roman* Youth uſually learned before Latin.

Docemus.] Thus, v. 79. *Hos pueris monitus patres infundere lippos*, &c.

71. *Artifices.*] See Prolog. v. 11.

79. *Lippos.*] *Lippus* is uſed by *Perſius* principally in a figurative Senſe, to denote a Defect in the Underſtanding or Heart. See Sat. 2. v. 79. Sat. 5. v. 77.

85. *Ait.*] *Adverſarius* underſtood.

87. *Mene moveat.*] The Conſtruction is—Quippe ſi cantet naufragus, mene moveat, et illi aſſem protulerim?

96. *Verum nec nocte paratum plorabit*, &c.] Si vis me flere dolendum eſt prius tibi. Hor.

Nocte paratum.] Thus Juvenal, Sat. 7. v. 27. *Vigilataque* prælia dele.

118. *Excuſſo populum ſuſpendere naſo.*] With wrinkled Noſe to ſneer at the Crowd. Naſo criſpante. Sat. 3. v. 86. Rugoſaq; Sanna. Sat. 5. v. 91.

125. *Decoctius.*] More correct, more refined than ordinary.—A Metaphorical Expreſſion taken from Liquors refined by repeated boiling. It is oppoſed to crudus, ſee v. 92. The Alluſion is carried on by the following Expreſſions, *inde ferveat*—*& vaporata Aure*—A fumigated or purged Ear. See Sat. 5. v. 63.

SAT. II.

3. *Genio.*] Scit *Genius* natale comes qui temperat aſtrum. Hor.

4. *Seductis.*] i. e. *Seorſum ductis*, apart. Paulum a turba ſeductior audi. Sat. 6. v. 42.

8. *Aperto vivere voto.*] Sic vive cum Hominibus tanquam Deus videat, ſic loquere cum Deo tanquam Homines audiant. Seneca.

11. *Ebullit.*] Put for *ebullierit*—appear in Pomp.

O ſi ſub raſtro crepet, &c.] O ſi urnam argenti fors qua mihi monſtret. Hor.

14. *Impello.*] An Expreſſion applied to Impediments and Obſtacles.

16. *Noctem.*] i. e. Noctis ſordes.

24. *At ſeſe*, &c.] i. e. Per ſe, ultro.—

——— Maxime quis non
Jupiter exclamet. Hor.

26. *An quia non*, &c.] The Conſtruction is — An quia non lucis jaces bidental triſte, evitandumq; fibris ovium Etgenna jubente, idcirco, &c.

35. *Spem macram.*] The meagre Hopes of the Family.

47. *Junicum.*

47. *Junicum.*] Junices, Heifers.

49. *Jam creſcit ager.*] The Votary here ſuppoſes the former Part of his Petition, da fortunare Penates, granted, and in the following Words, jam creſcit ovile, the latter Part, da pecus et gregibus fœtum.

52. *Si tibi.*] *Perſius* in the preceding Part of the Satire had given Inſtances of impious Applications to the Deity, v. 5—30. and afterwards of abſurd ones, which laſt Claſs included ſuch as were owing to Superſtition, v. 31—40. were inconſiſtent with the Votary's Courſe of Life, v. 41—43. or with the Means made uſe of to render them effectual, v. 44—51. he here proceeds to ſhow the Grounds of theſe Abuſes, namely, a miſtaken Notion that the Divine Being was to be influenced like Mortals by mercenary Motives, v. 52—70. and in the remaining Part of the Satire, ſhows in a moſt beautiful Manner, what will make our Prayers truly acceptable.

55. *Hinc illud*, &c.] Referred to *Si tibi* above.

Sceleratâ pulpa.] Depraved Fleſh. Fleſh is taken here, as in numberleſs Paſſages of Scripture, to denote the Senſual Appetites.

71. *Lippa.*] See Note on Sat. 1. v. 79.

72. *Compoſitum*] Settled, eſtabliſhed.

75. *Farre litabo.*] Immunis aram ſi tetigit manus,
Non ſumptuoſa blandior hoſtia
Mollibit averſos Penates
Farre pio et ſaliente mica. Hor.

SAT. III.

1. *Nempe hoc assidue.*] Spoken by *Persius* in the Character of a grave Preceptor to some Student of Quality.

7. *Unus ait Comitum.*] One of the Fellow-Students of the young Nobleman, or rather, one of the Partners of his Revels. See Sat. 5. v. 32.

8. *Vitrea bilis*] Jussit quod *splendida* bilis. Hor.

10. *Positis.*] i. e. Depositis, abrasis pilis.

17. *Pappare.*] See Note on Sat. 1. v. 11.

19. *Cui verba.*] *Das*, understood, i. e. *cui luditur?*

20. *Effluis amens.*] Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume
Labuntur Anni. Hor.

21. *Contemnere.*] *Contemnuntur* ii qui nec sibi nec aliis prosunt, ut dicitur. Cic. de offic.

22. *Udum et molle lutum.*] Argillâ quidvis imitaberis udâ. Hor.

Acri.] Rapid. Currente rotâ cur urceus exit? Hor.

23. *Sine fine.*] Without Intermission.

31. *Discincti.*] Discincta vestis, discinctus Animus. Proverb.

32. *Fibris increvit opimum pingue.*] *Make the Heart of this People fat*, and make their Ears heavy, and shut their Eyes; lest they see with their Eyes, and hear with their Ears, and *understand with their Heart*, and convert, and be healed. Isaiah c. 6. v. 10.

33. *Caret culpa, nescit*, &c.] ὁ μηδεν ειδως μηδεν εξαμαρτανει. Menander.

34. *Summa rursus non bullit in aqua.*] He emits no more Bubbles on the Surface, i. e. He is totally suffocated, or become utterly hardened in Vice.

36. *Haud alia ratione velis.*] You need not wish to inflict a severer Punishment on cruel Tyrants, &c. than the Stings of Remorse—virtutem videant, &c.

37. *Moverit ingenium.*] Has set their Passions in Motion.

38. *Virtutem*

38. *Virtutem videant.*] An Imitation of *Ovid*'s Deſcription of Envy. Met. 11.

Sed videt ingratos intabeſcitq; videndo
Succeſſus hominum.

39. *Anne magis gemuerunt*, &c.] The Conſtruction is, Anne *incluſi* magis gemuerunt æra Siculi juvenci, aut enſis, &c. magis terruit purpureas cervices ſubter; quam ſi ſibi dicat *quivis*—Imus, &c.

46. *Inſano.*] Enthuſiaſtic.

50. *Orcæ.*]

Quærit compoſitos manus improba mittere talos,
Si per me miſit nil niſi vota facit.
Martial. L. xiv. 16.

52. *Tibi.*] *Adulto*, ſcil. Oppoſed to *parvus*, v. 44. See Juv. Sat. 8. v. 163.

59. *Oſcitat heſternum*, &c.] Oſcitat heſternam *crapulam*, diſſutis malis. Belches out Yeſterday's Fumes with Jaws unſtitched, as it were, by gaping.

62. *Securus quo pes ferat.*]

Veluti Merulis intentus decidit auceps
In puteum foveamve. Hor.

66. *Diſcite*, &c.] *Perſius* in a very maſterly Manner points out the Method of preventing Diſorders of the Mind, by preſcribing the following Conſiderations relative to Mankind in general, and to each Individual in particular.

Cauſas.] Both Phyſical and Final.

67. *Quid ſumus.*] The Nature of Man.

Quidnam victuri.] i. e. *In quem finem.* Born for what End.

Ordo.] *Vivendi, ſcil.* What Courſe of Life is enjoined.

68. *Metæ quâ mollis*, &c.] Where are the nice or difficult Turnings of the Goal in the Race of human Life.

Et unde.] Either, whence do theſe Difficulties ariſe, or rather, unde curſus inſtituendus—from whence are we to ſtart.

69. *Quis modus argento.*] *Comparando, ſcil.* What Bounds ſhould be ſet to the Acquiſition of Money.

Quid

Quid fas optare.]

Nil ergo optabunt Homines? ſi conſilium vis,
Permittes ipſis expendere Numinibus quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſq; ſit utile noſtris:
Nam pro jucundis aptiſſima quæque dabunt Dii.
Ut tamen et poſcas aliquid ———
Orandum eſt ut ſit mens ſana in corpore ſano.
Juv. Sat. 10. v. 346.

Patriæ chariſque propinquis.]

Commoda præterea patriæ ſibi prima putare
Deinde parentum, tertia jam poſtremaq; noſtra.
Lucilius.

71. *Quem TE Deus eſſe juſſit.*] i. e. Qualem, &c. What is your peculiar Diſpoſition. Intelligendum eſt duabus quaſi nos a Natura indutos eſſe perſonis, quarum una eſt *communis*, ex eo quod omnes participes ſumus rationis, altera autem, quæ *proprie* ſingulis eſt tributa.——Admodum autem tenenda ſunt ſua cuique non vitioſa ſed tamen propria, quo facilius decorum illud quod quærimus retineatur. Cicero de officiis, Lib. 1.

72. *Humana*, &c.] *Humana in re, qua parte locatus es.* What is the Station allotted to you in Life.

77. *Hircoſa.*] See Juv. Sat. 2. v. 11. Sat. 14. v. 194. and below v. 86.

91. *De majore Domo.*] Thus Juvenal. *Maxima* quæque *domus*, &c. Sat. 5. v. 66.

Ipſe capillato diffuſum Conſule potat,
Calcataq; tenet bellis ſocialibus uvam,
Cardiaco nunquam Cyathum miſſurus amico. v. 30.

Modicum ſitiente.] Moderately thirſty, ſomewhat larger than the ordinary Size.

109. *Viſa eſt ſi forte*, &c.] From this to the End *Perſius* proves that his Patient labours under the Maladies of Avarice, Luſt, Luxury, Fear, and Anger.

115. *Ariſtas.*] A bold Metaphor for the *Hair.*

SAT.

SAT. V.

4. *Ducentis.*] i. e. *Extrahentis.* Aut labentis equo deſcribit vulnera Parthi. Hor.

6. *Ingeris.*] Throw out, or *diſpenſe*.—See v. 177.

10. *Tu neque anhelanti*, &c.] Nolo verba exiliter exanimata exire, nolo inflata et quaſi *anhelata* gravius. Cic. de Orat. L. 3. See Sat. 1. v. 14. and Hor. Sat. I. 4. v. 19.

11. *Clauſo murmure*, &c.] See Sat. 3. v. 81.

13. *Stloppo.*] The *blurting* of the Cheeks, taken figuratively for *bombaſtic Expreſſions.*

14. *Verba togæ*, &c.] *Perſius* ſpeaking of the Language of his Satires, ſays, in Alluſion to this Paſſage in Horace:

Dixeris egregie notum ſi callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum.———

"Verba togæ ſequeris, *junctura callidus acri.*"

i. e. "He took up with Words of common and familiar "Uſe; but contrived to bring them into his Style in "ſuch a Manner, as to give them the Force, Energy, "and Spirit of Satiric Expreſſion." Hurd on the Art of Poetry, v. 47. *Verba togæ* oppoſed to *Stloppo.*

15. *Ore teres modico.*] i. e. *Ore modice tereti vel rotundo*—A Delivery moderately full, in Oppoſition to, *tu neque anhelanti*, &c. above. *Ore rotundo loqui*——*Totus teres atque rotundus.* Hor.

Mores—culpam.] Oppoſed to *neſcio quid grave*, above.

16. *Ludo.*] See Sat. 1. v. 117.

18. *Plebeia prandia.*] Ordinary Fare, taken figuratively for the Vices and Follies of common Life.

20. *Dare pondus fumo.*] Nugis addere pondus. Hor.

25. *Quid ſolidum crepet.*] If we may be allowed to ſuppoſe that Shakeſpeare read *Perſius*, it can ſcarcely admit of a Doubt, that he alludes to this Paſſage in the following Lines.

———Anſwer my Life my Judgment,
Thy youngeſt Daughter does not love thee leaſt;

Nor

Nor are thoſe *empty hearted*, whoſe *low ſound*
Reverbs no hollowneſs. Lear.

26. *His ego centenas*, &c.] The Conſtruction is, His, i. e. has ob cauſas, ego centenas auſim depoſcere voces, *ſcil.* ut voce traham pura, quantum te fixi in ſinuoſo pectore meo, *atque ut* verba hoc totum reſignent quod latet arcanâ fibrâ, non enarrabile *niſi centenis vocibus.*

28. *Voce pura.*] Oppoſed to *pictæ linguæ*, above.

30. *Cuſtos purpura.*] Horace in the Epode to the Sorcereſs Canidia, puts theſe Words in the Mouth of the young Victim. Per hoc *inane purpuræ* decus precor.

33. *Jam candidus Umbo.*] *Umbo* was properly the Knot in which the ſeveral Folds of the manly Gown met, called ſo from its likeneſs to the Boſs of a Shield.—*Jam candidus*, now entirely white—without the Purple Border worn by Children.

37. *Fallere ſolers regula.*] A Rule operating by imperceptable Degrees in the Reformation of Manners. *Fallo* is frequently uſed in the Senſe of *lateo*: Thus,

——— *Iliacos fefellit ignes* ———

Nec vixit male qui natus morienſq; fefellit. Hor.

39. *Animus.*] The Soul, the Seat of the Paſſions taken in the Senſe of, trepidas mentes, above.

40. *Artificiſq; tuo.*] The Conſtruction here is remarkable—*Ducit*; i. e. *inducit vultum ſub tuo artificis pollice.* Put for *ſub pollice tui artificis.* The ſame Form occurs in Cicero, *Me conſulem, tuum ſtudium adoleſcentis perſpexiſſe.* Epiſt. ad. L. Paulum. Cos. and in Homer, Δαὴρ αὖτ' ἐμὸς ἔσκε κυνώπιδος.

42. *Primas noctes.*] Put for *primas noctium partes.*—*Decerpere*—*raptim carpere.*

45. *Amborum fœdere certo*, &c.]

Utrumq; noſtrûm incredibili modo,
Conſentit aſtrum. Hor.

50. *Saturnumq; gravem*, &c.] —— Te Jovis impio
Tutela Saturno refulgens
Eripuit. Hor.

51. *Quod*

51. *Quod me tibi temperat aſtrum.*] Scit genius natale comes *qui temperat aſtrum.* Hor.

52. *Mille hominum ſpecies*, &c.] Quot capitum vivunt totidem ſtudiorum millia. Hor. *Perſius* takes Notice of the various Purſuits of Mankind, in order to introduce a Compliment to Cornutus at the Cloſe.—At te, &c.

54. *Mercibus hic Italis*]

Hic mutat merces ſurgente a ſole ad eum
Quo veſpertina tepet regio. Hor.

60. *Tum craſſos tranſiiſſe*, &c.] *Craſſos*, put for *craſſo ſub aëre*, a groſs Atmoſphere.

Lucemque paluſtrem.] Light obſcured by Fogs and Exhalations, to which marſhy Grounds are ſubject. *Light* and *Darkneſs* are uſual Metaphors to denote mental Illumination and Blindneſs.—*If the Light that is in thee be Darkneſs, how great is that Darkneſs.*——*The People who ſat in Darkneſs ſaw a great Light*, &c.

61. *Relictam.*] See Sat. 3. v. 38.

62. *Juvat.*] Well contraſted with, *ingemuere*, above.

63. *Cultor enim Juvenum*, &c.] The beſt Comment on theſe Lines is the following Paſſage from the 2d Book of *Cicero*'s Tuſculan Quæſtions. *Cultura* animi Philoſophia eſt, quæ *extrahit vitia radicitus*, et præparat animos ad ſatus accipiendos, eaque mandat his, et, ut ita dicam, *ſerit*, quæ adulta *fruges* uberrimas ferant.

64. *Hinc.*] Scil. a *fruge Cleanthea*, the Stoic Philoſophy.

69. *Egerit.*] From *Egero*, ſignifying *trudo*, *impello*. *Truditur dies die.* Hor.

73. *Libertate opus eſt.*] The Perſon enſlaved by Vice, who puts off from Day to Day the Work of Reformation, has need of Freedom.

Non hâc, &c.] *Perſius* here makes a Diſtinction between *real* and *legal Freedom*, and demonſtrates that the latter is not real, from this to 104 Verſe. *Ut*, when. The Relative, *quâ*, underſtood before *ut*.

76. *Non treſſis.*] *Non trium aſſium* ἄξιος, worthleſs.

77. *Vappa.*

77. *Vappa.*] Meant originally the Juice of the Grape in a State of *perfect Inſipidity*, when 'twas neither Wine nor Vinegar. *Vappa proprie dicitur, quod nec vinum nec acetum eſt.* Vet. Scholiaſt. in Hor. Sat. L 1. Sat. 2. v. 13.

Lippus.] See Note on Sat. 1. v. 79.

83. *An quiſquam alius.*] This Syllogiſm, which *Perſius* puts in the Mouth of an Opponent who had received his Freedom at the Hands of the Prætor, reduced to the regular Form is as follows.

Vivere cui licet ut vult, eſt liber:
Mihi licet ut volo vivere;
Ergo. *Ego ſum liber.*

87. *Hoc reliquum accipio*, &c.] I allow your *Major*, but deny your *Minor Propoſition. Mihi*, &c.

88. *Vindictâ poſtquam meus.*] A Confirmation of the rejected *Minor* Propoſition, in which the Opponent ſlides in a Correction of it, as being before too general.

A Prætore manumiſſus, licet ut vult vivere:
Ego a Prætore manumiſſus ſum;
Ergo. *Mihi licet ut volo vivere (excepto ſi quid leges vetent).*

93. *Non Prætoris erat.*] *Perſius* here refutes the *Major* of the *preceding* Syllogiſm, by ſhewing that the Delivery of an accurate Syſtem of Duties extending to the minuteſt Circumſtances in Life, (the Obſervance of which in every Part, could alone conſtitute true Freedom, according to the Stoics,) did not fall within the *Prætor*'s Province.

105. *Tibi res antiquæ laudis.*] From hence to the 114 Verſe, *Perſius* ſhows wherein that true Freedom to be procured by the Aid of Philoſophy, conſiſts.

114. *Liberæ, at ſapiens*, &c.] Agreeably to the Stoical Maxim, that *the wiſe Man only was free.*

115. *Sin tu*, &c.] From hence to the End of the Satire, *Perſius* ſupports the foregoing Maxim, by ſhewing that all Fools, (that is all but the wiſe Man) are actu-

ally

ally Slaves to ſeveral Maſters, namely, to *Sloth*, v. 132. *Avarice*, 132—142. *Luxury*, 142—160. *Luſt*, 161—175. *Ambition*, 176—179. and *Superſtition*, 179—188.

119. *Digitum exere peccas.*] In Alluſion to the *Stoical* Doctrine. Ἡ φιλοσοφία φησὶν ὅτι ἀδὲ τὸν δάκτυλον ἐκτείνειν εἰκῇ προσήκει. Epictet. Enchirid.

123. *Tres tantum ad numeros.*] This alſo alludes to the Stoical Definition of the perfect Duties. Illud officium, quod iidem rectum appellant, perfectum et abſolutum eſt, et, ut iidem, *omnes numeros habet.* i. e. is compleat, has no Deficiencies. Cicero de Officiis.

Satyri Bathylli.] The Dancer *Bathyllus. Saltantes Satyros* imitabitur Alpheſibæus. Virg. Ecl. 5.

143. *Seductum.*] See Note on Sat. 3. v. 4.

149. *Quincunce—deunces.*] See the Note on this Paſſage in the Delphin Perſius.

152. *Cinis et manes et fabula fies.*] *Jam te premet nox, fabulæq; manes.* Hor.

153. *Vive memor lethi.*] *Vive memor quam ſis ævi brevis.* Hor.

Inde eſt.] *Inde*, ſcil. *ab hora, decerptum eſt. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida ætas.* Hor.

159. *Nam et luctata canis*, &c.] The Tranſlation of theſe two Lines, particularly of the latter is exceedingly beautiful.

Alas! the ſtruggling Dog breaks looſe in vain,
Whoſe Neck ſtill drags along a trailing Length of Chain.

165. *Udas.*] Slippery, on account of their being a great Thoroughfare.

166. *Ebrius ante fores*, &c.]

Ebrius et (magnum quod dedecus) ambulet ante
Noctem cum facibus. Hor.

170. *Ne trepidare velis*, &c.] Do not flounce and gnaw the Toils.

Ac veluti primo detrectat Taurus aratra,
Mox venit aſſueto mollis ad arva jugo ;
Sic primo *trepidant* Juvenes in amore feroces,
Dehinc domiti poſthæc æqua et iniqua ferunt.
Propert. L. 11. El. 3.

172. *Ne nunc cum accerſas*, &c.]

—— *Nec nunc cum me vocet ultro*
Accedam.—— Hor.

174. *Nec nunc.*] *Accedas*, underſtood. Davus repeats his Maſter's Words. *Ne nunc*, &c.

FINIS.

Errata.

LATIN.

	Pa.	Ver.	
SAT. I.	42.	106.	*demorſes* leg. *demorſos*
SAT. II.	61.	18.	*at* l. *ut*
IV.	105.	26.	aberret. l. oberret.
V.	146.	141.	veſtâ l. vaſtâ

ENGLISH.

SAT. I.	19.	178.	*Lodlings*, read, *Lordlings*,
III.	77.	191.	*Solan*, r. *Solon*
VI.	152.	17.	*Part!* r. *Port!*